

# The American Girl

For All Girls and the Girl Scouts

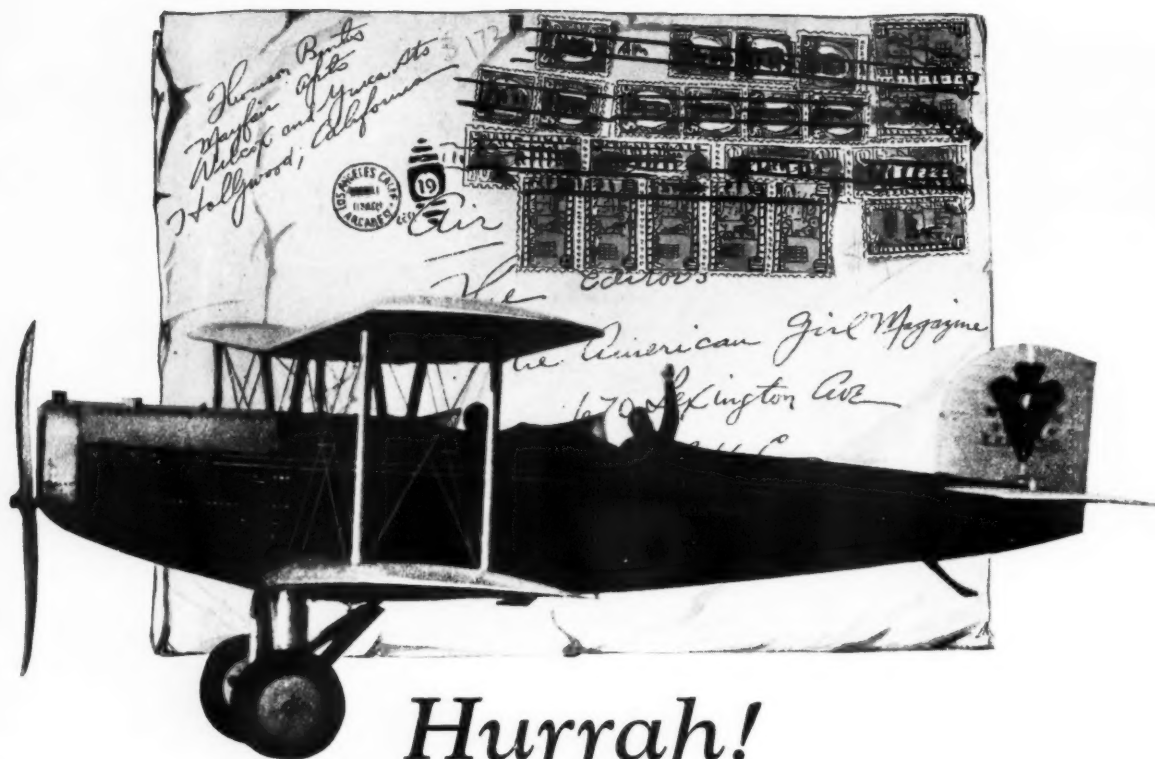
SEPTEMBER

1927



MEMORIES OF CAMP

To Ann and the Princess by ELLIS PARKER BUTLER



## Hurrah! Curly Comes by Airplane

"She would at that," you'll say when you know her. For Curly takes to the air as naturally as Lindbergh does, and it wouldn't occur to her to take a train when an airplane is around. Thomson Burtis, after writing about her for a whole book, might have thought of that, but he didn't.

Curly is the heroine of the new serial that Thomson Burtis has just finished for us and which begins next month. Mr. Burtis, who is out in California, sent us the Curly manuscript by train. A week went by and it hadn't come. Then another week. Helen Ferris was frantic. Mr. Yohn, who is drawing the pictures for it, had sharpened all his pencils twice. "Curly is lost," Helen Ferris wired. "I have another copy. She's going to you by airmail," Mr. Burtis wired back.

And by airmail she came—just in time for our October issue. Here is a picture of the envelope in which she travelled, and of the plane that flies out of Los Angeles on the first stage of her journey.

It is not only the dangers of the air that Curly must face—seventeen year old Curly who had driven a plane for three years; Curly who was Slim Evans' own best pupil; Curly who loved her shining little plane better than anything else in the world. Is there a hidden sinister force—some secret enemy—that would seem ready to swoop at her out of the clouds

into which she flies so courageously? It's the most thrilling story and the most fascinating one you have ever read. You won't want to miss a word of it. And watch for next month.

But that is not all. There will be another Midge story in October, in which Midge, a junior now, meets her own harum-scarum past. It's the funniest one of them all. And "Raquel of the Ranch Country" ends. Have you guessed who was the girl on the balcony? Find out next month and ride through the desert with Raquel.

For Girl Scout Week there will be plans and suggestions for your troops and stories of what other troops have done. In memory of the birthday month of our own loved founder, Juliette Low, Mrs. Anna Hyde Choate has written a story of the early days of Girl Scouting.

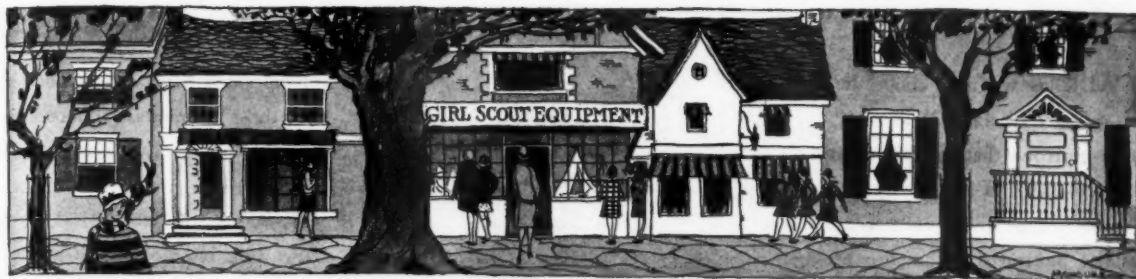
Hazel Rawson Cades is back again. After devoting the summer to her own tiny American Girl—little Elizabeth—she will write for us again on good looks. And we have a new recipe for being popular, too—read what Winifred Moses says about it next month.

That's only the half of it—but our space is all gone. There is a thrilling fire department story by the Detzers,

a Kenneth Payson Kempton story; a fascinating article telling how to make your own book plates; the story of a girl who loved to play tennis, and what she did about it; and news and pictures and poetry.

### THE AMERICAN GIRL for October

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## Who is Your Favorite Author?

*Write a story with her!*

AUGUSTA HUIELL SEAMAN came into the office of THE AMERICAN GIRL the other day, because we had written that we had something to tell her. "Tell me what it is as quickly as you can," she said. "I always want to know about THE AMERICAN GIRL's plans."

We told her. And this was the idea. The girls who read THE AMERICAN GIRL are to write letters telling just what kind of story they wish their favorite authors to write for them. The twelve best letters will be selected from those that come in. And then twelve of the most popular writers will write just the kinds of stories the girls have ordered!

"Will you write a story with one of the girls who writes the best letter?" we asked Mrs. Seaman.

Her eyes shone. "Of course!" she replied. "I'd love it."

"There is more to the plan," we told her. "When the story is published, we are going to publish the girl's name along with yours."

"Fine!" said Mrs. Seaman.

And that is the story of one of the most exciting plans we have ever had for the readers of THE AMERICAN GIRL. You will find a great deal more about it in this issue on pages 22 and 29 and 30. After you have written your letter, send it in to THE AMERICAN GIRL, together with the ballot which you will find on page 29. And if your order is one of the twelve best received, a famous author will write just the kind of story which you have suggested! And the story will be published in THE AMERICAN GIRL, with your name and hers as co-authors. And your photograph will be published with hers in our magazine.

It is all part of our big annual What-I-Wish-in-My-Magazine Contest, so we have ruled that only those letters will be considered by our contest judge which come in accompanied by ballots.

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*The wonder of to-day.* So many things can now be bought which once required a lot of labor and we *know* so much more about the food we eat. A little while ago people thought that danger lurked in food in cans. We now know that food in cans is, of all foods, most surely safe. Only now have we learned how important it is for everyone to have a liberal amount of milk in the diet. We are just learning how im-

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DEAR ASSISTANT EDITORS:

IN MY OFFICE  
AUGUST 15, 1927

**T**ODAY when I started to make plans for this issue of our magazine, I knew I simply must write you a letter. Nothing but a letter would possibly do! So here it is.

Can you imagine yourself in my place, I wonder? Here I sit thinking about you, wondering what you look like, and wishing you were here to talk with me. You couldn't all possibly get into the office at once, but we could arrange some relays—and I'd like it immensely.

Pretty soon now I am going to get to work on the new issues of our magazine and I want, more than I can say, to know what you want in them. If only I could talk with you, how much it would help! But since I can't see you, I am doing the next best thing; I am writing you a letter. And I wish to call upon you as Assistant Editors of your own magazine to help me. For you are that, you know. And I do need your help very much.

If you were a reader of *THE AMERICAN GIRL* this time last year, you already know about the big What-I-Wish-in-My-Magazine Contest which we hold every year—and I hope you are already planning to enter it. If you have never before heard of this contest, turn to page 22 and page 29 of this issue and read all about it.

I couldn't get along without our What-I-Wish Contest, as we all call it for short here at *THE AMERICAN GIRL* office. I can scarcely wait until the letters from my Assistant Editors begin to come in and when I see them in the mail, I read them before I do anything else. And this year

all of us here need your letters more than we ever did before. For the magazine has more readers than ever before—and that means there are more different kinds of girls whom the magazine must please.

Does *THE AMERICAN GIRL* please you? How I wish I knew! Won't you write and tell me, please? Tell me what you like and what you don't like. You may be perfectly frank and if you haven't liked some of the stories or some of the pages, tell me why. If there is something you wish you could have in the magazine, which hasn't been there, tell me that. Tell me everything!

If you will sit down and answer this letter of mine, right away, you don't know how happy I shall be! You won't have to wonder what to say in your letter, because on page 22 and page 29, we tell you what to write about! And be sure to send in the ballot on page 29, too, because that is very important.

For *THE AMERICAN GIRL* belongs to you. It is your magazine and I am the Editor only because there must be some one here who will put in it what you want.

I hope you like our new plan about ordering a story from Augusta Huiell Seaman and Dorothy Canfield and other famous writers. Won't it be fun if your "order" is chosen and your name appears in the magazine, along with Mrs. Seaman's or one of your other favorite authors?

I shall watch the mails for your letter.

Your friend,

*Helen Ferris*

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HELEN FERRIS, Editor  
CAMILLE DAVIED, Managing Editor

## THE AMERICAN GIRL

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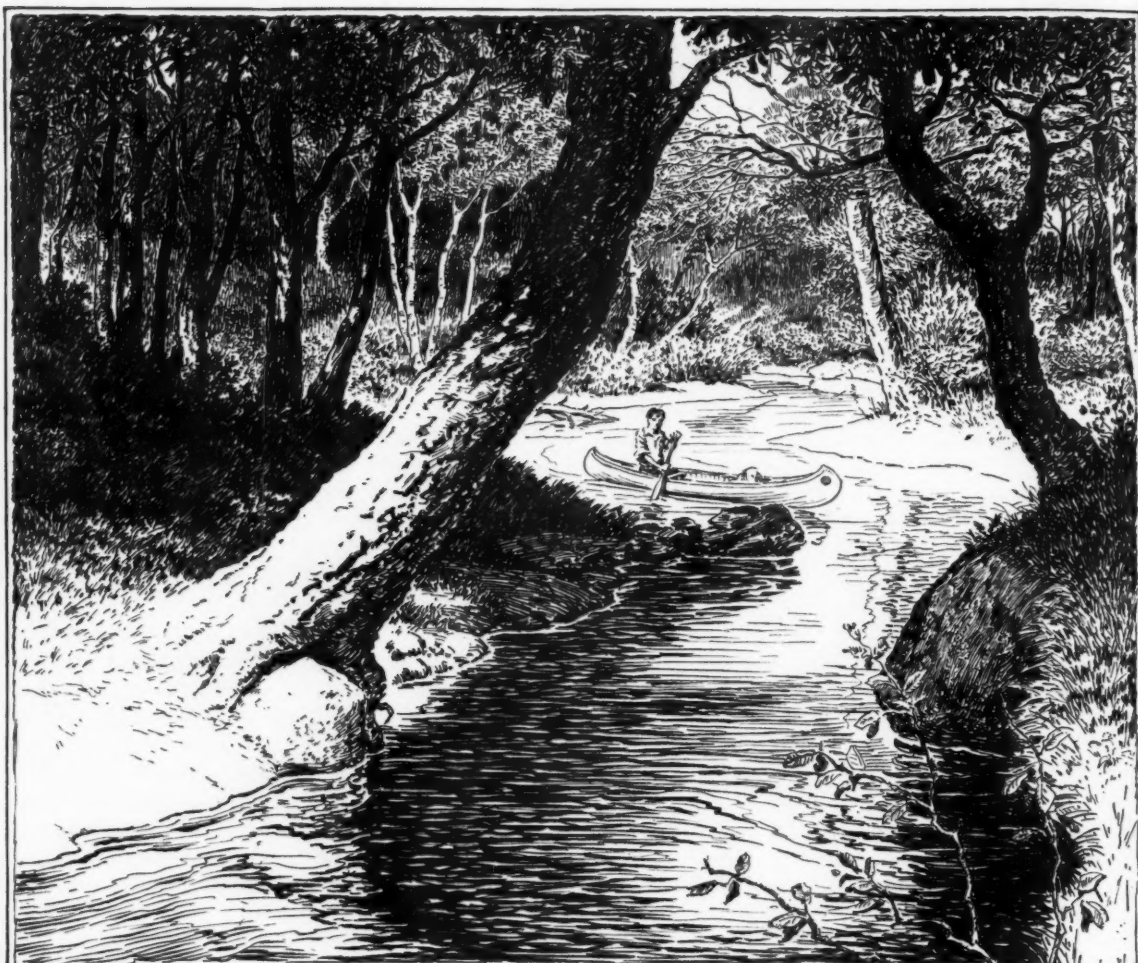
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### NUMBER 9



## Canoe Trails

By ARTHUR GUITERMAN

Broad is the track that the steamer takes  
Over the open sea,  
Wide are the waves of the windy lake,  
Dear are the lakes to me,  
And the sparkling sound is good,  
Bright is the river, too,  
But the stream that winds to the heart of the wood  
Is the trail of the little canoe.

Dip of the paddles, gurgle and splash,  
Quiet and bird-note clear,  
White of the birch, grey of the ash—  
Balm of the heart is here.  
Here where the bolder footpaths cease,  
Here where the best is true,  
The loveliest road to the shrines of peace  
Is the trail of the little canoe.

From *The Mirthful Lyre*  
Harper and Brothers

Rodney  
Thomson



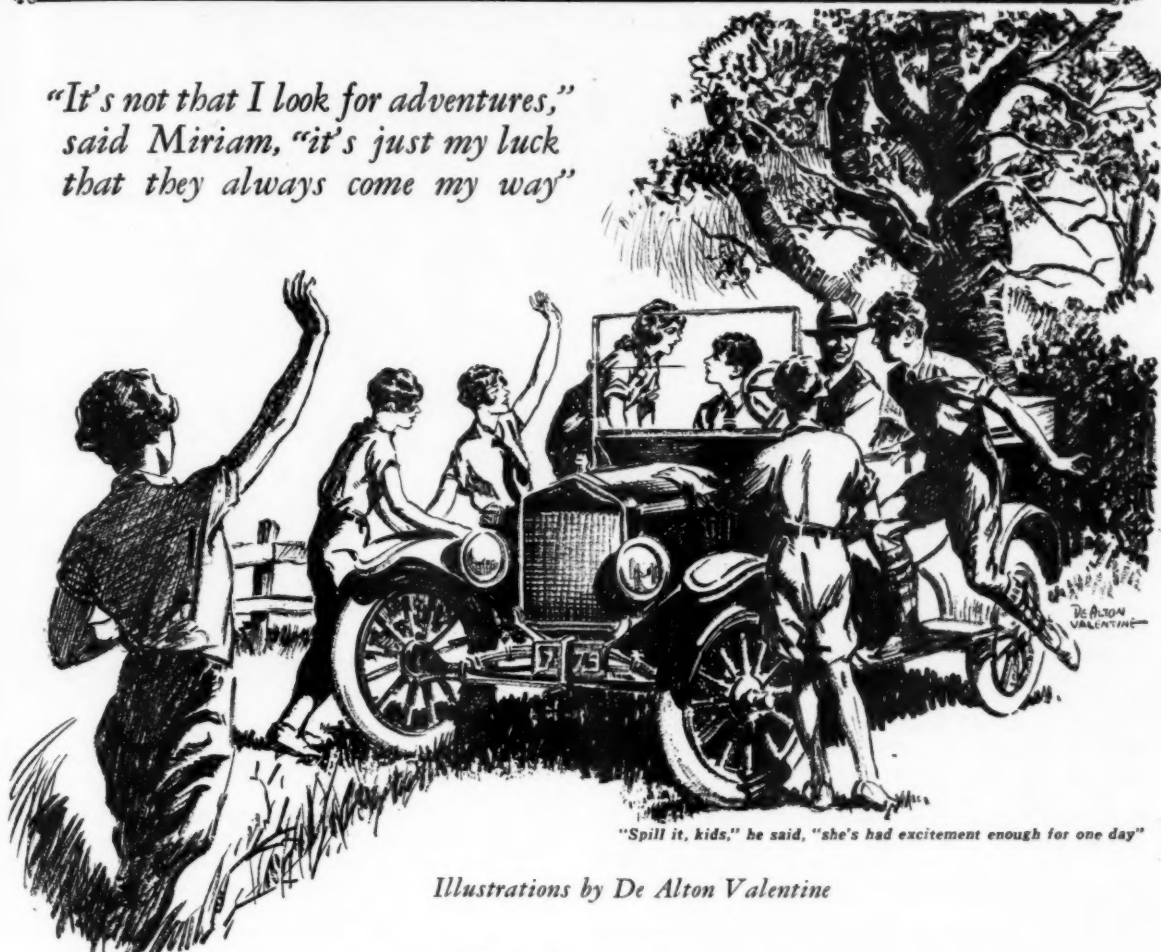
# THE AMERICAN GIRL

The Magazine for All Girls—Published by the Girl Scouts

Helen Ferris, Editor

September, 1927

*"It's not that I look for adventures," said Miriam, "it's just my luck that they always come my way"*



*"Spill it, kids," he said, "she's had excitement enough for one day"*

Illustrations by De Alton Valentine

## Miriam Drives the Car

**S**ALLY'S worse. Miss Evans is awfully worried about her."

"Then she must be pretty bad—if Evie lets you know she's in a funk. Poor Sally! Pity she had to be the one to step on a rusty nail. There are others we could have spared better—not to be pessimistic, of course!"

"Seriously, though, Miriam, Evie and Doc Rand are both worried sick. I couldn't help overhearing them. They want another doctor and neither of them dares leave Sally to drive to the village to wire."

"That leaves only me, Anne, who can drive a car, and I'm not allowed to take the precious Ford out again while we're in camp because of my last adventure. Wonder why it is that adventures always come my way? Evie ought to know that I don't seek them!"

"They'll have to send you, Miriam. They'd never dare

By DOROTHEA LAWRENCE MANN

take a chance—especially on Sally. You know she's an only child, and her

father and mother had to be strenuously persuaded to let her come to camp at all. She'll probably never leave their sight again if they get her back alive now. Think of the riot Mr. Emery would raise if we didn't send for the best doctor in New York."

"But think of the example to the younger girls if Evie backs down and lets me drive the car! Maybe they'll send you along as a balance wheel."

Just at that moment the two girls saw Miss Evans, the camp director, walking swiftly down to the edge of the lake where they were standing. She put her hand very soberly on Miriam's arm.

"Sally Emery's very sick, Miriam. I have to trust you again in spite of the times you've failed me. You are to

send for a doctor from Albany and telephone to Mr. Emery. I want Anne to go with you, Miriam. I want you to remember how much depends on your steadiness. You and Anne are the oldest girls in camp. We must depend on you. It may mean Sally's life to get the doctor from Albany here in time. You won't fail me again?"

Miriam's face flushed as she impulsively caught Miss Evans' hand. "You can trust me," she said. "I won't let you down again. I love Sally. I've known her ever since she was a baby. I'll drive to Albany if you say so and not even look out of the car window!"

Getting out the Ford and receiving the final instructions was only a matter of minutes. The younger girls had been sent on a hike, because in spite of their intentions not to disturb the sick girl it was hard for them all to keep quiet at once. They knew Sally Emery was very ill but it was only Miriam Ross and Anne Bennett, who were the oldest girls and counselors, who realized what that dreaded word "blood poisoning" meant. Even they did not understand how swiftly blood poisoning could take a life, nor the grim anxiety which beset the director and the camp doctor as they watched Sally Emery's temperature rising. As the car swung down the road Miriam set her lips firmly.

"Anne," she said, "Sally mustn't die. She's lived next door to me ever since she could toddle. Her father and mother wouldn't have let her come to camp at all if I hadn't promised to look after her myself. They trusted me!"

"Still," answered Anne who was not easily ruffled, "you couldn't have prevented her stepping on that nail right down on our own beach."

"We ought to have combed the beach so that there couldn't have been a nail a child could step on!" Miriam retorted vehemently.

"Oh, Miriam, you're not responsible! You might as well say her parents should have taught her to look where she was stepping!"

Driving a car over the rutted wood road which seldom saw cars was never an easy matter. Driving it as fast as they dared kept both girls well occupied as they bumped and bounced on the seats as often as the wheels hit a rock, and as the road was mostly huddles and rocks that was every few moments.

"If ever I get to the main road I'll make time," Miriam breathed again and again.

"If we live to reach the main road!" Anne muttered under her breath.

When they did reach the main road—main road by courtesy since it was little traveled—they did make time for they had still twelve miles to go to the village which held a telegraph station and telephones. Anne gripped the side of the car but she did not protest for she knew something of the anxiety Miriam felt for the child who was almost a sister to her. She merely held her breath when Miriam scarcely slowed at all as she went round curves, only ticking off each landmark thankfully. And then it happened.

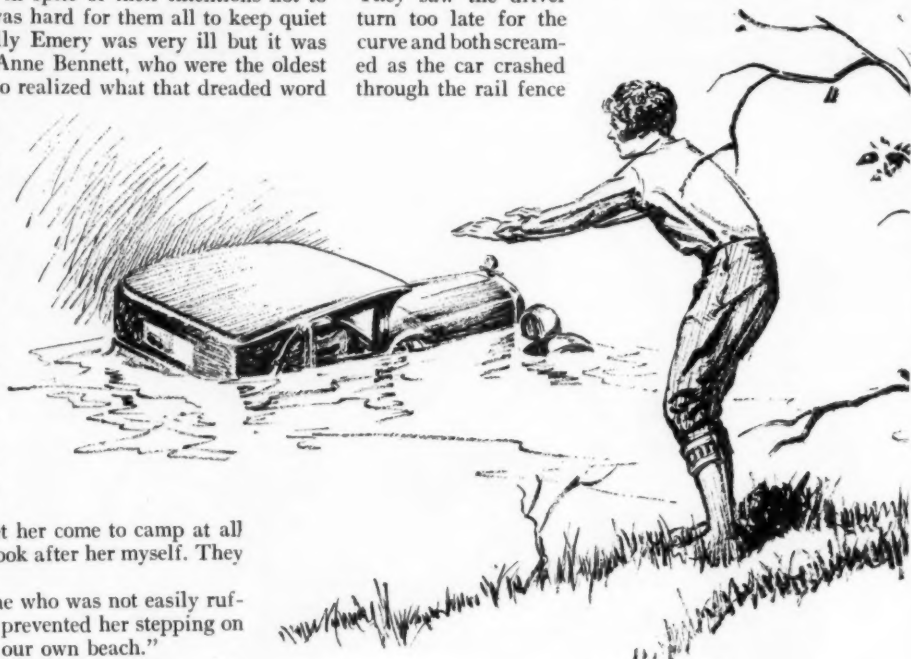
There were never many cars on this road and this particular morning they had fortunately met fewer than usual. The river by which the road ran was equally deserted.

They had passed one or two fishermen who obviously preferred loneliness, and four or five miles back they had passed a group of workmen busy mending the road for whatever summer travel might come. They had just begun to climb the one long hill of the journey when a closed sedan came over the top of the hill and started down at a reckless pace. Both girls watched it, first in fascination and then in horror.

"Why don't they take care?" asked Anne.

"Their brakes aren't working. Oh, gosh! Oh, Anne!"

Miriam cried as the car swept past them in a cloud of dust. Miriam had brought her own car to a standstill and both girls were watching the car as it hurtled down the hill. They saw the driver turn too late for the curve and both screamed as the car crashed through the rail fence



and went down the embankment into the river. In a second they were out of their car and were running to the fence.

"It hasn't turned turtle," gasped Anne in amazement. "The top is out of the water. Why don't they get out?"

"Most likely the door's jammed."

"Come on," Anne started down the embankment but Miriam hesitated.

"I have got to get to town first and telephone, Anne. Think of Sally and her father and mother and Miss Evans. All of them are depending on me."

"But these people, Miriam. We can't refuse to help if we can. There's not a movement from the car. Come, Miriam, we must see if we can help," and pulling Miriam along with her she tore down to the water, scrambling over stones and bushes as she ran, all the while calling encouragement to the unknown persons in the car and to Miriam. The car had stopped about half way across the river. It was tipping slightly, but its top and about eight inches of window were out of the water. In a moment Anne had pulled off her shoes, thrown off her hat, and was in the water swimming. Miriam stood on the bank in indecision.

"My cursed luck!" she groaned. "Why can I never escape adventures?"

In a moment or two however she had followed Anne's example. The current was fairly strong but both girls were good swimmers and it was no large task to reach the car where Anne was already talking to the frightened occupants.

"The door is jammed, Miriam. I can't move it at all.



"It hasn't turned turtle," exclaimed Anne. "Come on." She started down the embankment, but Miriam hesitated

Climb on the seat," she ordered the women. "You ought both to get on the seat as far out of the water as you can."

"I am afraid my daughter is hurt," the woman inside answered.

Miriam swam round the car. "She's unconscious! Wait—she's not very big. Do you suppose that you could get her from behind the wheel? I think I could help."

It was a slow process, for the unconscious girl could not help herself at all and both Anne and Miriam were hampered by being in the water and able to use but one arm to help. The girl was slight and small but although at last they had her free of the wheel, all her mother's efforts failed to raise her so that the girls could pull her through the window as Miriam had hoped might be possible.

"I'll have to go for help, Anne," she said at last. "It's only six miles to the village. If they can keep their heads above water, I'll get some men and they will be able to break in the top of the car and lift them through it."

"It can't be more than three or four miles back to those workmen," Anne objected, "and they have tools. You could bring them back in the car."

"But Sally and the doctor!" Miriam objected.

"The other's quicker," Anne argued. "You might not find people in the village with tools to help."

"Dr. Rand says hours count with Sally!"

"And minutes count here! You must go for the workmen, Miriam. It ought not to take more than a half hour to get them here. Then you can leave them and go straight on to the village and send a car out here."

It seemed to Miriam the longest ride of her life as she drove her car recklessly back over the road two miles and three miles and finally four miles and a bit more before

she found the workmen and explained the dire need. It seemed still longer when with the three workmen and their tools crowded into the car she sped back over the road, wondering whether Anne and the woman would be able to hold out, whether the girl would be drowned, or would have died from the wound on her head before they reached the car. And all the time she was thinking of Sally, and of getting to a telephone.

When at last they arrived in sight Miriam could see no Anne. She was the first of the lot down the embankment and in the water, calling, "Anne, Anne!" as she jumped in and began to swim hand over hand to the car and the white face of the woman at its window. At last she heard Anne's voice from inside the car.

"I had to crawl inside to help hold her," Anne's voice was trembly and her face looked pale under the tan.

When at last the men had broken the top of the machine and with Anne's help had hoisted the still unconscious girl from inside, when Anne herself had stepped on the back of the seat and been lifted through, and the mother had been got out by the three men together, Miriam rushed to the car, bent on making the quickest possible time to the nearest telephone. She had already delayed longer than she ought but, she reasoned, there was nothing else she could have done. Before she drove off she found time to throw her arm about Anne's shoulder.

"You're the bravest girl I ever knew, Anne," she said. "How you dared crawl into that car, with the chance that it would fill entirely or tip over and that you would be drowned like a rat inside!"

Anne laughed shakily as she squeezed Miriam's arm. "Go on to the village," she said. "I may be the only one here that knows first aid. We can't lose our victims when we've got them this far!"

"Anne," said Miriam as she jumped into the car again, "if we both live another day I'm going to teach you to drive! It's horrible going off and leaving you in predicaments all the time."

"If everyone round here doesn't have pneumonia from these duckings, we're lucky," she thought as she pushed the car on to the village and the telephone. She quite forgot that her own clothes were wet and that she herself was a somewhat bedraggled object, until she got out of the machine in front of the general store and filling station and several people gathered around her. Then she knew how glad she was to pass on some of the responsibility and to know that two cars had started toward Anne and the rescuers while she was putting through her calls to Albany and to Sally's father at home. When Mr. Emery's voice came faint and far away, demanding particulars about the doctor who had been called and about Sally's temperature and when she heard him say that he and Sally's mother would start immediately, Miriam felt an odd childish desire to cry. She didn't know quite how badly she felt until the man at the filling station said, "Look here, I can leave the boy in charge and drive you myself," and at length she gave over the wheel to his hands. He wrapped her up in an old coat and soon she saw the road spinning by them while she was pouring out to him all her anxiety about Sally and Anne and the girl who had been hurt.

"As likely as not we'll meet them coming back to the village," he told her.

They did not meet them however. When they reached the

(Continued on page 39)



By ALIDA SIMS MALKUS

# Raquel of the

*Within the city suspicious soldiers, on the hills desperate bandits, and between Raquel and safety only a ruffled frock — What would you have done?*

## CHAPTER VII *A Daring Masquerade*

AS THE long day wore on they drowsed and rested. The heat waves before the tunnel entrance grew whiter and more shimmery. They retreated farther down the reclining shaft and explored as far as they dared. Coming back to that white light at the mouth of the shaft they found Antonina with lunch and a package.

She brought the most delicious of *enchiladas*, savory with cheese and wild onion, swimming in red hot chili. That she had gathered the ingredients together was a miracle, yet she apologized for the lack of eggs to top the dish. In spite of the weather they ate every mouthful with relish.

"Froylan has just ridden away with three evil-looking men in the direction of *divisaderos* chasing you," said Antonina. "You must leave to-night over the rocks where José will guide you. But you, *señorita*, ought to leave your fine clothes and take these *pantalones* of the people, these *teguas*." She opened the bundle and took out the native sandals, a cotton shirt and trousers.

José was to take them to the house of Dorotea. She would set them on the road to Moctezuma when they were ready to leave. They were to ride fast to the house of the priest and stay there till the silly soldiers had departed to play their game of hide and seek in other parts.

"The soldiers, they do little harm to each other. It is the *gente*, the people, who suffer, their houses burned, their crops destroyed." She was indignant, the good Antonina.

She embraced Raquel fondly, taking her to her bosom and kissing her upon both cheeks. Raquel pressed a gold piece in her hand. Antonina wept with joy. She had mothered the young Americans from the goodness of her heart.

The escape had been so easy — the pinto's nicker after dark as he was brought to the mouth of the old tunnel shaft where they hid, and sensed his mistress within; the soft dark night, skies like ink in which millions of stars seemed to be throwing out sparks and shooting back and forth across the heavens.

Oh, that sense of nervous expectation as little wiry José led them down a strange trail and over a hill! But they rode unmolested through the dawn, and the sun was already high before they stopped at a small house located in the foothills.

José left them there with the friends of his grandmother, an old woman and an old man, who scarcely addressed either Raquel or Georgie all day, but put them in a wee room off the main room. There Raquel lay on a canvas cot and fell asleep, her brother on the floor beside her. Not till after dark did they set out again. They had only six or eight miles still to go.

They were passing an occasional *rancho*, and a glow of lights began to appear before them among the trees. Suddenly a turn in the road brought them upon a startling scene. Before them rose a large and pretentious adobe *casa*, from whose gayly lighted windows floated music and sounds of merrymaking.

Outside the house there stood and lounged about several companies of soldiers. To what faction they belonged neither Raquel nor Georgie could tell, and before they could beat a retreat two sentries had sprung out from among the acacias bordering the road, and were holding their horses' heads.

"*Quien vive?*" was the hoarse demand on both sides. "Who goes there?"

"*Dios y sus Santos!* (God and His Saints)" quavered Raquel.

"*Carranza!*" shouted Georgie simultaneously at the top of his lungs.

"Ha, a very pretty answer," replied one of the soldiers, "but off you get, both of you, and into the house yonder till the *commandante* sees for himself if he has any further need of you."

And at the points of their bayonets they drove the two toward a corral gate and through, where they were at once surrounded by other soldiers.

Paintbrush laid back his ears and rose wickedly on his hind feet as a soldier laid a hand on the bridle. Raquel slipped quickly to the ground.

"Let me, señor. He is not a broncho, only a wild horse but newly gentled. I am the only one who can manage him."

"Put him up then," growled the soldier, "and that one too," pointing at Georgie and his little brown pony.

So they were permitted to stable their ponies within an inside corral, high-walled, over which there was no escape, and as they came out, they were surprised to find that for the moment their guard had disappeared.

They were in an end room, dimly lit with candles, and piled with soldierly equipment. A doorway opposite led out upon a large *patio*, around which ran a gallery. They slipped across and looked out. They

were at the kitchen end of the house and a grape arbor offered a covered passageway across the rear of the court yard.

A dance was in progress at the front of the house, and the rest of the place seemed deserted. They could see an



*A timid little girl peered from a shadowy corner--*



# Ranch Country

Illustrations by George Avison

For what has happened  
so far in this story  
see page 38



about him and stepped into the room, a strange figure. "Roll up our clothes and hide them in a corner of the arbor," whispered Raquel.

While he was doing this she bathed, powdered her face, touched her cheeks with the rouge, her mouth with the red stick lying there. On the bed lay a black lace scarf which she seized. But what could she do with bobbed hair in this land of long-haired señoritas? It would never escape notice.

Peeping cautiously into a drawer for hairpins she came across a carved high comb. A little deft work with comb and brush, a thrust of stout hairpins to fix the comb in the tangle of her back hair—there. It was ready to drape the black lace scarf about her face.

The effect was magical. The wavery little mirror gave back a lovely face, rare, piquant, above a tiny rose bodice

and billowing organ-die skirts. In the closet was a pair of slippers, shiny and tiny. But they slipped on.

Then she began to search desperately for something for Georgie to wear. There was not a thing but a little old gingham dress, such as any little kitchen helper might put on. So Georgie was squeezed into that and, with a mantilla clutched under his chin, he made a typical little *mucha-cha*.

They stepped bravely out through the door, looking for the best way to escape. There was a closed gate at the back of the *patio*. It led into still another court, and outside that was the open. But they

—while within, "You dance *divinamente, senorita*," the young Mexican lieutenant was whispering softly to Raquel

could not get away without their horses and how to get into the corrals again?

Although there was no outside gate in the corral where they had been obliged to stable their horses, the corral opened into several other yards.

"Perhaps we could make a break through in front if we can get back through that window," Raquel suggested.

It had taken them more than half an hour to dress as girls. Perhaps the same *soldado* would no longer be there in the corral. They slipped across the courtyard, into the first room they had entered. The window was barred, from the outside!

All Spanish houses are built on very nearly the same design. Realizing this, they crept out on tiptoe and went forward to try the windows of the next room. They were open, but barred with iron, for this was an establishment of some pretension.

As they stepped again into the *patio* they stood for a moment in the stream of light from a doorway into the *sala de baile*, the dance hall. A figure lounging there glanced over

empty bedroom across the patio. Slipping through the arbor they peered in a doorway. On the bed lay various feminine garments. In an open wardrobe hung others.

"Let's dress like girls," whispered Raquel to Georgie, "and then perhaps we can get by." It seemed a daring idea. She had entered Mexico disguised as a boy; now she would escape "disguised" as a girl!

Reaching through a window she lifted from a chest a mass of rose-colored ruffles. It was a skirt which looked like civil war days. A petticoat lay beneath it. Raquel pulled off her *pantalones* and sandals, standing there in the dark, with the music of the mandolins and fiddles and the gaiety up forward going on all the while.

She slipped into the skirts and stepped within the room to complete her toilette. She peeped at herself in a little old mirror atop a high chest of drawers. Horrors! What a dirty face! But there was a basin, water, and towels in the room, and powder on the bureau beside the *colorete* which some soft-eyed belle had used that night.

Raquel threw a mantilla out for Georgie. He wrapped it

its shoulder just in time. He darted out and made a low bow before Raquel, laying at the same time a detaining hand on her arm.

"Not so fast, *señorita*. Why are you so late? What! You are not thinking of leaving before you have begun? The honor of the first dance must be mine. Come, it is a *chotess*." And he swung her irresistibly through the door, and out on to the floor where a dozen girls were being whirled from one soldier to another.

"*Varsouviana, valse*." The chief fiddler announced the dances.

A timid little girl peered through the door from under a black shawl for a few moments, and then flattened herself on her haunches in a shadowy corner of the courtyard.

There was nothing else for it. Raquel must play up. Terrified at first, her feet nevertheless whirled obediently in the steps of the old-fashioned schottische she knew so well. Her thoughts collected themselves. Her poise returned as she whirled about. These fellows seemed to mean no harm; at any rate, just now they were bent only on having a good time.

"You dance *divinamente, señorita*," whispered the young Mexican who had captured her. "From where do you come? Surely you are not of this barbarous locality? What? Yes?" He shrugged. "But of different quality from the other girls with whom I danced earlier in the evening."

"Well, it is fortunate for you that you live about here," went on the *teniente*, "otherwise you would never return home to-night. No one may pass through the lines about Moctezuma. There must be no possible communication with the north — with the United States.

"All gringos are being detained," he laughed. "But that does not concern you, *señorita bella*. The *commandante* has given orders that this vicinity be molested no more."

The attentions of the young lieutenant had not gone unnoticed. Other uniforms were gathering round. The girls were buzzing with curiosity. Who was this newcomer? That dress? Was it not exactly like one of Caterina's? But this one had a *gracia* in wearing clothes, surely!

Raquel caught the undercurrent of murmuring as she passed and repassed the other couples. She clung ever so slightly to the Chihuahuan.

"May I see you home, *señorita*?" he leaned above her persuasively. "My aide can bring your horse to the door. The *duenna* may follow."

Her eyes flashed consent. "I must go now," she whispered. "I have come without permission" — and that's true enough, thought she. "My little *serviente* waits outside. Let her go with your man to show him our horses. Come, I will call her."

The lieutenant was carried

away. He stepped with Raquel out into *patio*. At Raquel's call an obedient little figure rose from a corner, a bundle under its arm, and was despatched through a side room with a soldier summoned there. It had all worked out too beautifully!

Raquel requested the lieutenant in a low voice that the horses be brought to the back gate. It would be better were she not observed. Sensing intrigue, the youth consented. It was all to his liking. He felt that he had indeed made a conquest.

She led him through the *patio*, within the arbor, where her dignity held him off, and then they passed through the gate, through the outer court, the second gate—Raquel drew a breath of infinite relief. The horses, led by a black-topped little girl and followed by a peon *soldado*, came round the corner and stood before the house.

Raquel spoke to the pinto and he pricked up his ears and came close. She stroked his head, and nuzzled his chin.

"Come," said her escort, "let me put you up."

"The little girl first," said Raquel, "she does not ride so well and must go astride." What would happen when her little wild Paintbrush felt the flap of skirts upon his flanks for the first time? Many a good horse had gone crazy with less, especially at night.

She spoke again to Paintbrush, softly, as she allowed the lieutenant to lift her up on the saddle sidewise.

"*Es broncho*," Raquel called out to the astonished *teniente* as she brought down her quirt unobserved on the other flank, "he is afraid of my ruffled skirt." And she shot ahead into the darkness with her small hand-maiden following, and disappeared from sight before the startled and angry youth could dash over and grasp the reins of his own mount. He followed hot on the trail, taking the road toward Moctezuma, but they were gone into the darkness.

## CHAPTER VIII

### Raquel Rides Alone

Where was Raquel? When she realized, as Paintbrush raced through the darkness, that she had outdistanced not only the *teniente* but Georgie also, she stopped and gathered the flimsy skirts tightly about her waist so that they would no longer terrify the pinto. Making a wide circle she returned in the direction from which she had fled.

But in the dark she could not find her way, and after an hour she came to the bank of the river that flows west of Moctezuma. Here in the trees she was forced to hide till daylight. As soon as she could see she changed back into her boy's clothes, having discovered the bundle which Georgie had thrust into the saddle bag.

Alas, when morning actually came she found she was north of the town, and could not go back again, for a cordon



Speechless with amazement, they stood face to face for a moment

(Continued on page 36)

# Your Backhand Drive

*Play it, even though you lose the point, until the right way becomes a habit and you wake some day to find yourself playing fine tennis*

By HELEN WILLS

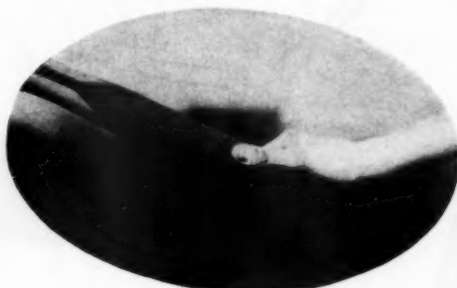
IN many cases, the backhand is the weak link in the player's game—the Achilles heel of tennis—the vulnerable spot where, in match play, the opponent directs his attack.

If you've seen much of tennis and been with the players, you so often hear the advice given "Play his backhand, and you'll win." No matter how marvelous the forehand is, it can never pull a weak backhand along with it. In the history of tennis, it has held true, in general, that champions and near champions have had backhands which have been able to give the forehand adequate support. It has not been unknown for fine players to have backhands that excelled their forehand strokes.

Among players I have watched there is one outstanding example, a woman, whose backhand does not measure up in any way to her fore stroke. In fact, it is almost an excuse of a stroke. And yet, so wonderful is her forehand stroke, with its speed and accuracy, and so fast is she in covering court, that she has won victory after victory. This player is Mrs. May Sutton Bundy, the only American woman who ever gained the singles title at Wimbledon. At her height, she was a marvelous player. She would have been more wonderful if she had had as good a backhand as forehand, and would have saved herself much extra exertion if she had not had to run around her backhand each time. I often wonder how many unnecessary miles Mrs. Bundy's backhand has cost her during her tennis career.

However, it is quite the usual thing for a beginner to try to run around her backhand; that is, she tries to take a ball on her forehand which rightfully belongs to the backhand. There are countless reasons why a beginner should not try to cheat her backhand. If she starts out by running around her backhand, it's the hardest habit in the world to shake off. Her actions on the court are bound to become awkward or queer in some way or other. She uses up twice as much energy, and in a match where energy and endurance mean a great deal she is at a distinct disadvantage. Real grace in tennis can never be hers.

A beginner must be brave, even though it is hard at times, and



The thumb extended up the handle acts as a brace

the ground can be taken with this stroke, with the exception of very high, bouncing balls.

In learning the backhand drive, the first thing to be considered is the grip of the hand on the racquet. This grip varies with players. I can only describe accurately the grip which I use, because I am familiar with it. It happens that Mr. William Johnston and Mlle. Lenglen employ this same grip, which can be defined, in a general way, as the one in which the thumb is extended up the handle of the racquet.

In this grip, in which the thumb is extended up the handle of the racquet, there is a shift from the forehand to the backhand hold. The racquet is shifted in the hand so that the thumb is along one of the broader sides of the handle, and so that the ball is struck on the opposite side of the face of the racquet from the forehand ball. The accompanying photograph may make the grip more clear.

The reason the thumb is raised along the handle in this way is that it acts as a brace. Very swift balls may then be returned more easily and more accurately.

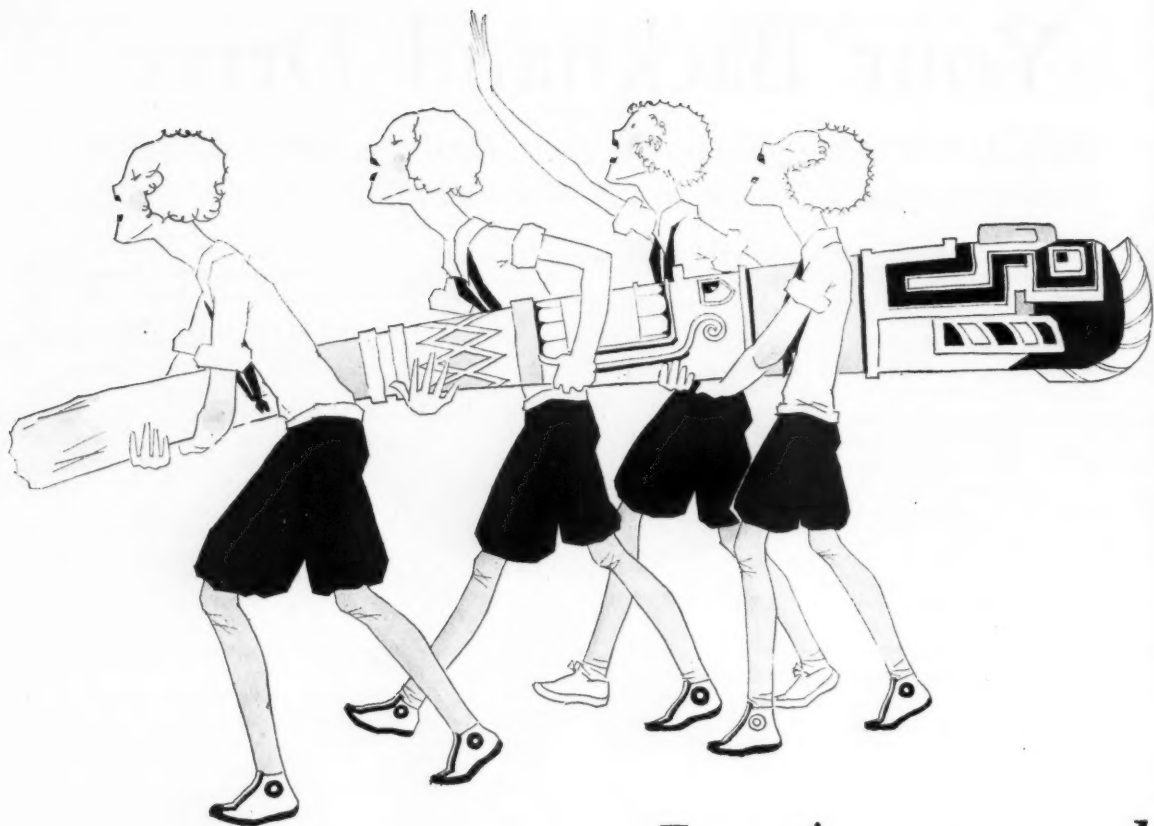
The standing position, swing of the stroke, and body balance are the next considerations. In making the backhand drive you stand with your right foot advanced towards the net. The body is in more or less of a sidewise position so that the racquet arm can move freely. You should avoid facing the net directly on this shot, as also on the forehand drive, because it makes a fast ball more difficult and harder to control, and graceful stroking almost impossible.

Body balance and swing of the  
(Continued on page 45)



To follow through after a backhand, swing the arm up freely away from the body, preparing for the next play





By ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

## Jo Ann and

*If it wasn't the upside-down, it was  
would be a lady with Tommy Bassick*

**B**UMPY—who was, of course, Miss Bumpus—came out of her shack just in time to see Jo Ann do the “upside-down,” which was something not supposed to be done by the girls of the camp. Jo Ann did it while swinging full and far in the swing on the maple limb, standing on the board. She uttered a whoop, clutched the ropes firmly as far up as she could reach, and upside-downed herself, catching the ropes above her head, twisting her feet and legs around them. She hung there a moment, her hands free, then reached out her arms and fluttered her fingers, head down!

“Jo Ann!” exclaimed Miss Bumpus sharply. “Come down from there!”

“Golly!” exclaimed Jo Ann. She righted herself and let her feet come down to the swing-board.

“I had hoped,” said Miss Bumpus, “that you were now old enough to leave such tomboyishness to the juniors, Jo Ann.”

“There’s not a junior in this camp can do that stunt,” said Jo Ann. “If it’s to be done I have to do it.”

“I prefer not to have it done,” said Miss Bumpus. “Will you give the bugle call for the senior hike, Jo Ann?”

“Yes, Miss Bumpus,” Jo Ann said. She was the official bugler and if there had been no Jo Ann, there would have been no official bugler because no one else in camp knew how to blow a bugle. Jo Ann knew things of that sort. Now she backed toward the swing, bent swiftly and picked up something that had fallen from her pocket when she upside-downed herself.

“What is that? What was that you picked up?” Miss Bumpus asked. Jo Ann took the object from her pocket.

“It’s an apple,” she said, looking at the apple with what

might have been surprise but was not. Miss Bumpus took the apple from Jo Ann and frowned.

“Just as I thought—an Early Mellow,” she said. “To the best of my recollection no Early Mellow apples have been passed into the camp by me or the staff, Jo Ann. You know it is forbidden to have food stuffs that have not been passed by me or the staff?”

“Yes, Miss Bumpus,” said Jo Ann. The other girls gathered closer because this was apt to be interesting. A number of them had enjoyed Early Mellow apples that Jo Ann had provided. Five, at least, knew where Jo Ann had secured the Early Mellow.

“I am surprised!” said Miss Bumpus although, as a fact, she was never seriously surprised by anything Jo Ann did, because Jo Ann did do many things. “I am surprised! Mr. Burton came to me this morning and said someone had been robbing his apple orchard, but I did not imagine it could have been one of my girls. I told him it was impossible. I told him my girls did not rob apple trees. How did you get into his orchard?”

“I thought of a way,” said Jo Ann.

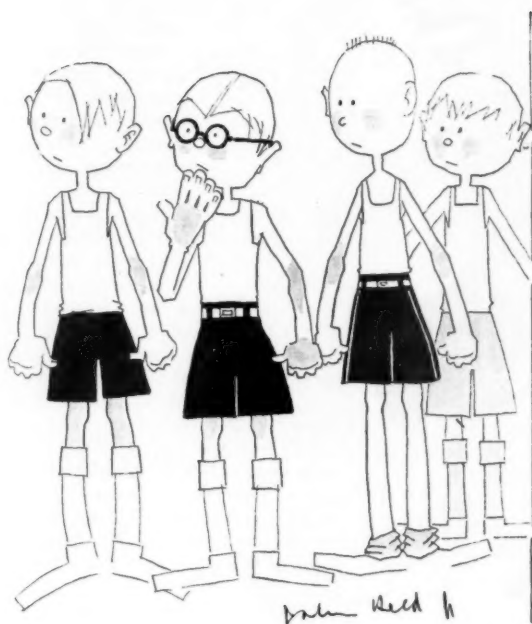
“With his gate locked?” Mr. Burton took no chances. He was devoted to locked gates and barbed wire.

“Yes, ma’am,” said Jo Ann.

“Over the fence?” Miss Bumpus asked, and Jo Ann thought for a moment.

“Yes—over the fence,” she said. “I went out over the





The girls made a rush for the sacred Mondega totem pole, carried it triumphantly to the lake and dumped it ingloriously into the water

## the Princess

*something else disgraceful; but who just down the road—the smarty*

fence." Jo Ann's voice was calm.

"Last night?" asked Miss Bumpus.

"Yes, Miss Bumpus."

"Did any of the girls go with you?"

"Well, I should think not!" exclaimed Jo Ann. "Not likely!"

"How many apples did you take?" asked Miss Bumpus.

"Twelve," said Jo Ann.

"Twelve," repeated Miss Bumpus. "Sixty cents will be deducted from your allowance this week to pay Mr. Burton for his apples. I will let you know later the further penalty. Please blow the assembly call for the hike, Jo Ann. I am very greatly put out by your prank—very greatly!"

The hike was an overnight hike on which twenty seniors were going. Miss Bumpus never hiked, and in charge this time were Miss Franz and Miss Cooper. The party went up the narrow lane between the camp and Mr. Burton's farm

until it reached the main road, and there it turned east. Striding briskly in couples the girls followed Miss Franz and Miss Cooper past the high wire fence—barbed!—that protected Mr. Burton's farm and Mr. Burton's apples, and as they turned the jog of the road they saw that something interesting was going on ahead of them.

Jo Ann, with the bugle slung over her shoulder by a strap, was paired with Gladys Carter and they had been talking, Gladys doing most of the talking because Jo Ann was wondering what punishment Bumpy would have in store for her. Something fierce, she expected.

"Jo Ann," Gladys said, "tell me, will you? How did you get into that orchard to get the apples? Did you honestly climb the fence—all that awful barbed wire?"

"I didn't say I climbed the fence," Jo Ann said.

"Why, Jo Ann!" cried Gladys. "You did so!"

"I said I went over the fence," said Jo Ann. "I didn't say I climbed it. Nobody could climb that barbed wire fence."

"I know!" exclaimed Gladys. "You did it with a pole, like a pole-jump! Didn't you?"

"I went over the fence," Jo Ann repeated. "No one ever told us not to go and get apples."

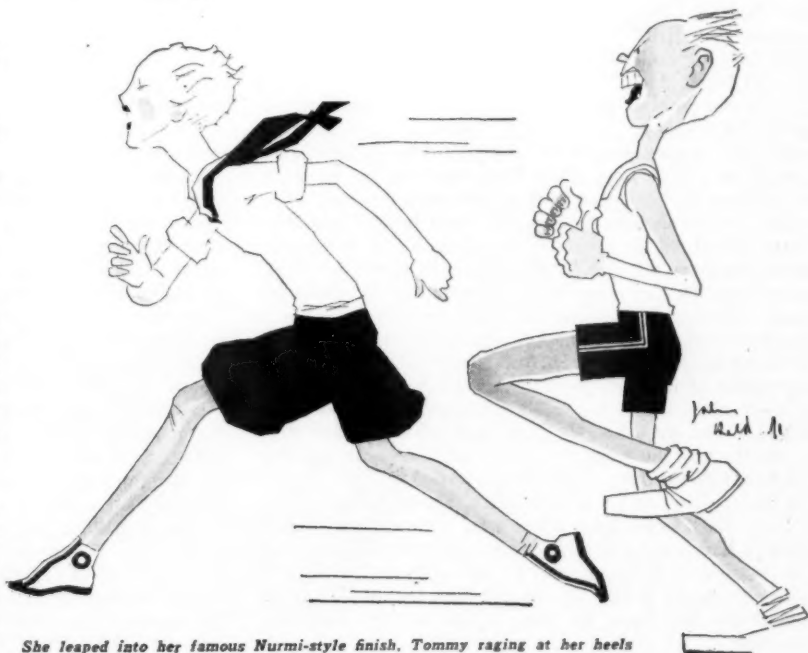
"Bumpy said never to leave camp unless accompanied by a counselor," said Gladys.

"I didn't leave camp," Jo Ann insisted. "I came right back. Besides no one ever told me not to go out over the fence. If I'm told, I won't. Say, what's happening up the road?"

"It's the boys from Camp Mondega," Gladys guessed. "They've come up to have field day races on the road where it's level."

She was right. As the hikers from Camp Minnedawa neared the crowd in the road it was plain that all the boys of Camp Mondega had gathered along the sides of the road, as well as half Mondega's counselors, and Coopy and Franzie led their hikers to the roadside. Mr. Branch, of Camp Mondega, lifted his cap and spoke to Miss Cooper and Franzie. The hikers came to a halt. They dropped on the dusty grass, throwing off their knapsacks.

"Mr. Branch has invited us to stop awhile and watch the races, girls," Miss Cooper said, "and we have time, if



She leaped into her famous Nurmi-style finish. Tommy raging at her heels

you all would care to wait for it."

Would they! Jo Ann and Gladys settled themselves comfortably. Across the road from them four of the senior boys of Mondega, clad only in jerseys and running shorts, were prancing up and down in one spot, limbering up for a hundred yard dash. Mr. Branch was explaining to Miss Cooper that this was to be the next event—Mondega's best sprinters.

"I have picked that lad with the red hair—Tommy Bassick—for the winner," Mr. Branch was explaining. "He develops great speed and is quick at the get-away."

"Tommy Bassick?" Gladys asked Jo Ann. "Isn't that the boy from your town?"

"Yes, the swell-head!" said Jo Ann. "He makes me so mad! You ought to hear him brag about his camp. And run down our camp. Know what he calls us?"

"What?"

"The kindergarten. He called The Princess a doll," said Jo Ann bitterly. "He said we were a lot of girl babies playing with a doll. I can't stand that boy—the smarty!"

Perhaps the reason Jo Ann thought things about Tommy Bassick was because they lived next door to each other at home, and Jo Ann was not the girl to let any boy, even a red headed one, be very bossy to her. Tomboy girls are apt to be like that. Their feud had been the result of an incident the first year Jo Ann had come to Camp Minnedawa, when she was the smallest of the juniors and Miss Bumpus had led the younger juniors on one of those baby hikes that were all such small girls could stand. The hike party that day had come along the road and another hike party of juniors from Mondega had come from the opposite direction and Tommy Bassick had made the mistake of screwing up his face at Jo Ann, practically sticking out his tongue at her. The next instant Jo Ann had been out of the ranks and her two hands were in Tommy Bassick's red hair. She got a knee-hold on him and down they went in the dust of the road. She was astride of him, pushing his head into the dust, when Bumpy pulled her away, panting and pulling to get at him again. She had acted like a wildcat. Back in her home town, after camp closed, Tommy Bassick had taunted her about attacking him when he had not expected it, declaring that was the only reason she had been able to get at him, so she took him by the hair again and threw him down the terrace, just to show him who was who.

The feud had continued. Jo Ann no longer took Tommy



"Jo Ann!" exclaimed Miss Bumpus sharply. "Come down from there!"

Bassick by his red hair and threw him around but she made him understand that one girl, at least, would put up with no nonsense about the superiority of boys in anything. Or of boys' camps! She let him know that Minnedawa was the best camp in the world and that

Mondega did not begin to match it. Last year she had done a thing that Tommy Bassick was sure he could never forgive. The one annual event in which Camp Mondega and Camp Minnedawa officially recognized each other's existence was a picnic which both camps attended. It had been started several years before by some fond visiting parents who had a son or two in Camp Mondega and a daughter or so in Camp Minnedawa.

So after the first get-together, the picnic just repeated itself year after year. Sometimes the boys did the cooking honors and the girls built the fires, and sometimes the other way around, and although they wouldn't have admitted it for worlds, they wouldn't have missed it for worlds! At least, Camp Minnedawa wouldn't have missed the one the summer before, not for anything!

On this particular occasion, someone had suggested a game of baseball. The boys had been fearfully condescending. Play with the big ball the girls always used? Sure! Of course! Give 'em a handicap, too, if they wanted it.

The girls had scorned the handicap—and the big ball, too, for that matter, only Bumpy refused to let them play at all unless they did it with their own ball. Thereupon started a game that piled fuel sky-high on the flames of Tommy Bassick's feud with Jo Ann. She had pitched for Minnedawa—pitched the entire nine innings—while Tommy Bassick, pitching for Mondega, was taken out of the pitcher's box in the sixth inning when Jo Ann hit one of his fast balls for a home run, bringing in two Minnedawas who were on bases. The score at the end of the game was nine to seven in Minnedawa's favor.

For Mondega this was nothing less than dire disgrace—beaten at baseball by a bunch of girls—but the worst was to come. The game was played on Mondega's field because they happened to be hosts at the picnic and when the game was over the Minnedawa girls went mad. If it had been a football game they would have torn down Mondega's goal posts in their triumph, but they did the next best thing, as it was—something far worse in Mondega boys' eyes. They made a rush for the sacred Mondega totem pole, the treasured emblem of the camp, and Jo Ann herself shook it until it loosened and came out of the earth. Triumphant and speedily they carried the totem to the shore of Lake Lomas and dumped it ingloriously into the water.

(Continued on page 33)

Not even a downpour will put out your fire if it is built of dry wood, protected by rocks from the wind and if the first little flame is shielded by a raincoat or outstretched poncho



The lower dead branches of standing trees, dry wood from an old stump all make good fuel for rainy weather, and fresh bark contains oil that will burn even though it is wet

# Cooking Without

—anything but a kettle, frying pan, reflector oven and your own active imaginations, of course—and in a thunderstorm

WHAT shall we have for lunch?" By AGATHE DEMING

"Squantum! Squantum!"

Illustrations by Mary Briggs

Squantum

No, it wasn't an Indian war-whoop from painted braves. It was just a cry from the hearts—or perhaps stomachs would be a better word—of a group of hungry pioneer campers after a long hike from their main camp. We had come the day before to this sunny meadow, screened from the lake by a fringe of low willows and alders, and although lunchtime was several hours away, the topic of food had been introduced by the hint that if enough wild raspberries were picked there *might* be raspberry shortcake. Then came the unanimous vote for squantum, too, as the main part of the meal.

Perhaps you've never tasted squantum. If you haven't be sure to add the following recipe to your outdoor cookbook, along with all the favorite recipes which THE AMERICAN GIRL is going to print from the contest entries. And, by the way, you ought to see those recipes come in thick and fast! Don't forget to send yours. If you didn't happen to hear about the contest last month, you may read all about it on page 32 of this issue.

To come back to squantum; the name is an Indian word meaning "good time," and the ingredients you will require are:



This reflector oven is placed to catch heat from both the fire and the rocks

1½ pounds noodles	1½ teaspoons salt
1½ quarts boiling water	1 can tomato soup
	1 pound bacon

Pour the noodles into the rapidly boiling salted water and cook until tender, allowing the water to boil away. Cut the bacon in small cubes and fry until crisp and brown. Add the tomato and bacon to the cooked noodles. Serves nine.

With the squantum the cooks decided to serve cheese crackers and the wild raspberry shortcake. The plan was to paddle six or seven miles before lunch, so the day's equipment and food supplies had to be stowed in the canoes, and the camp put in order, tents battened down in case of storm, a reserve of fuel stored under the shelter, and food put out of reach of possible animal visitors.

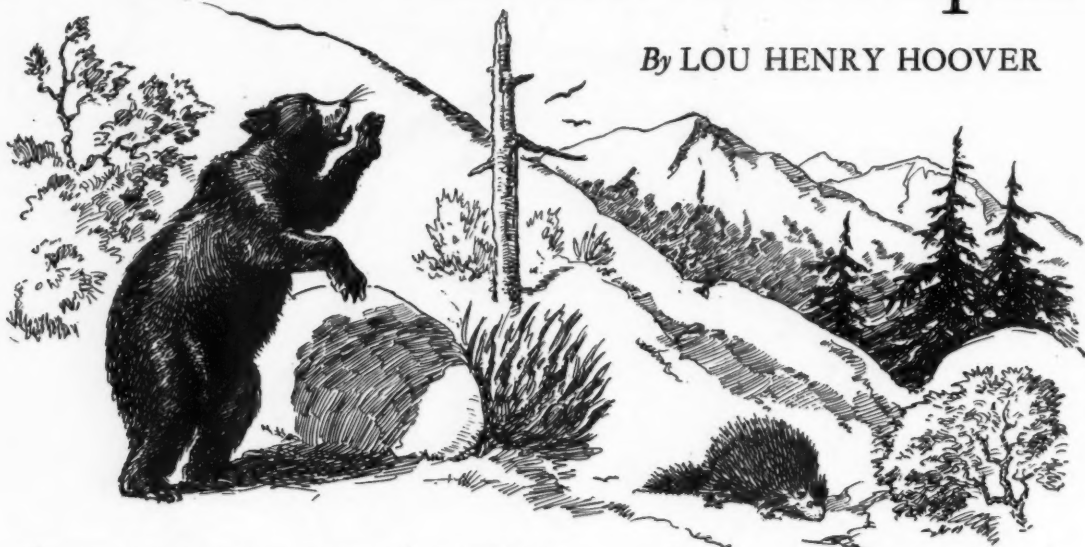
The cooking kit taken along was very simple—just a kettle and a frying pan and a reflector oven with a twelve by eight inch pan and, of course, the necessary knives and spoons. The oven, in this instance, happened to be of aluminum, but one made of tin will bake a shortcake just as well. If the meal had been more elaborate and had required more utensils the girls would have taken with them their nest of aluminum kettles which are compact and can be bought for very little. (These nests also

(Continued on page 32)



# The Bear Who Met a Porcupine

By LOU HENRY HOOVER



*"How come he tried to eat the porcupine?" — for certainly he had met one unexpectedly face to face, or at least face to back*

**D**O you know how good porcupine meat is? Perfectly delicious! Fine and delicate and savory. At least so the explorers and miners in Alaska tell us. Porcupines are so common up there and they are of such great value to the Indians and the white prospectors who run short of meat at times, that it is practically a crime to kill one even for food unless you are short of supplies. It has become an unwritten law of the country that the porcupine must be left for those who need an emergency meat when nothing else is available.

It takes some experience, or at least ingenuity, to know how to get the animal and prepare it for the fire. All those little quills are a great protection to it when alive and a great hindrance to the hungry man when he has one at the end of a stick! And the other poor animals have no way whatever to protect themselves against it. I don't happen to know of any animal who has acquired a method for catching and eating porcupines, although many have tried it to their cost, among them our Old Bruin.

Old Black Bruin was an inhabitant of the Siskiyou Mountains away up in Northern California. He had lived there for many years and knew the berries and nuts and grains and roots of all that region and had lived a very happy and well contented life and raised a numerous family who had scattered about over the neighboring mountains. He was nice and black and shaggy, harmless to the human beings who had come to live there at the time of his great-grandparents and, it was said, to their stock as well. It had never been proved against him that he had killed either calf or lamb or little pig to gratify his own taste, although he had been found occasionally to have feasted on the remains of one that had been caught by some mountain lion of the neighborhood. The ranchmen all agreed that neither Old Bruin himself nor any of his family had ever killed for their own food, although it was supposed that in time of great scarcity he

might be forced to take recourse to his own killing. Nor did he seem to care particularly for the meat of others, although he would not always disdain it if he stumbled upon it.

Thereupon the cowboys said, "How come he tried to eat the porcupine?" Was it because it smelled so delicious, or because Bruin was very hungry? Or perhaps he hadn't tried to at all, perhaps he was merely delving a little further into some bramble-bush for more blackberries or along a branch of yewberries, or into some soft bank of leafmold for luscious roots—and met brother porcupine unexpectedly. In any case, Bruin *had* met brother porcupine, had met him face to face, or at least face to back, and Bruin was the sufferer thereby.

The ranch was a wild mountain one, twenty miles from the nearest habitation, and the cowboys were put to it to find amusement and companions. They therefore gave hearty welcome to new friends. One noon a man riding



*"What's the use of chasing him, he won't act scairt-like and you can't chase a soft kid?"*



# A-roaming through the Woods

home for dinner had met Black Bruin on the trail. Bruin was so tired and stepped but such a little way off toward the bushes when he saw the horse and rider approaching that the *vacquero* could not resist throwing a lasso over the bear's head, just to see what might happen next, and to furnish a little amusement for his rather bored pony. But Bruin put up no fight at all. He simply sat down in the trail and awaited developments. It was very close to the ranch house so the cowboy urged and pulled and dragged him along to the corral thinking to have some sport, or perhaps to acquire a new pet.

When he came to close quarters he carefully led Bruin to one side of the strong fence of the corral and then approached him from the other side of the fence with the lasso taut between them. What was his surprise when he was within a few feet of him and had remarked how thin and haggard Bruin looked, to discover that his nose was a pincushion with twenty or thirty long porcupine quills protruding from it. Poor old Bruin! He was just about starved to death, because of course he never could approach any food without hitting those porcupine quills against it first and pushing them the further into his poor



Illustrations by  
W. M. Allison

*The Chinaman did not wait to receive his friendly overtures*

own dinner. They nailed up a bit of the corral fence on one side, put a little top on it, and placed him in this very comfortable cage, which he seemed to appreciate. They fed him well and got him back into fine shape, and he became a great friend and crony. Everyone had a pleasant word or a rub on the top of the head as he went past. Each boy brought him some little tit-bit after dinner or supper. He seemed an interested listener to their evenings on the back porch with story and song and banjo.

Now wild animals may not be kept in captivity in California without a special permit that is obtained for the purpose. So in the course of time the cowboys, having become so devoted to Old Bruin that they could not bear to part with him, wrote down to their boss who lived at Sacramento to ask him if he wouldn't get them a license to keep Old Bruin in his corner of the corral. But the boss replied, "Nothing doing."

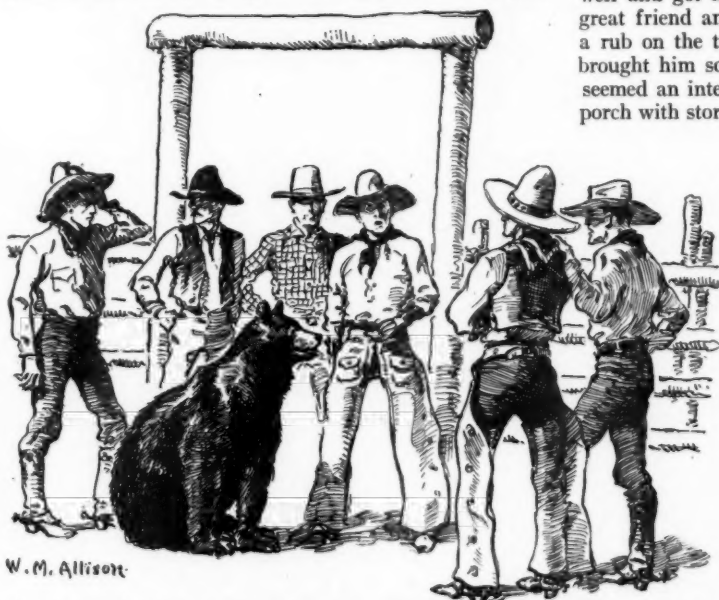
"What are you thinking about?" he wrote, "Do you expect me to send butcher's meat thirty miles by wagon and twenty by pack mule for the purpose of feeding it to a bear? You turn him loose, presto quick, and let him forage for himself in the Siskiyou Mountains!" The ranch hands were all very sad about it, but there was nothing else to be done; because of course if they kept the bear it meant they would have to go themselves

and the parting would be the same in the end.

So one night with great regret they took him out all the nice little bits they could get together from dinner. Each one had something special that he would like. He was given a particularly nice pan of milk and many extra pats and rough endearments and then the bars to his cage were let down and all went sadly off to the bunkhouse.

Next morning when they left breakfast and started for their horses they were surprised to see Bruin still asleep in his corner of the corral. Apparently he had not yet found the open bars. The boys joked one another over what he would think when he got up late in the morning and discovered he could amble out and off to his beloved mountains. But what was their greater surprise when they came back for dinner at noon to find Bruin looking for them on

*(Continued on page 46)*



W. M. Allison

*At noon they found Bruin waiting for them, smiling broadly and wiggling with delight*

sensitive black nose until he just couldn't stand the pain.

The cowboys were all sympathetic at once. They hastily roped Bruin's four legs and staked him down to the ground. They brought ropes and blankets and tweezers and went to work. After a long time and much groaning on Bruin's part, even though he did seem to realize what was happening and to appreciate their efforts, they finally removed every quill. It was a hard task, for the quills are barbed on the ends and come out almost like fishhooks. The cowboys rubbed iodine and cold cream thickly into Bruin's muzzle, and left him at the end of a not too long rope to recuperate with a great pan of cool milk.

Next morning he was very cheerful. He sat up, looked around, and smiled happily on his captors. They called him "nice old boy," and brought him another pail of milk, and later in the day some vegetables and meat from their



# Order a Story from Your Favorite Author

*Yes, you may order just the kind of story you want and famous authors like Dorothy Canfield and Augusta Huiell Seaman will carry it out—that is, if yours is chosen as one of the twelve best in our big contest*

**H**AVEN'T you wished more than once that you could find just the kind of story you like best?

And haven't you hunted and hunted for it, sometimes finding it and sometimes not? All of us here at THE AMERICAN GIRL have had that experience and now we have a plan to meet it! You may put in an order for just the kind of story you want and famous authors like Dorothy Canfield and Augusta Huiell Seaman will carry out your orders. That is, they will if your order is chosen as one of the twelve best submitted in our What-I-Wish-in-My-Magazine Contest, now open to every reader of THE AMERICAN GIRL.

You will then be a co-author with Augusta Huiell Seaman or some other popular writer. You may say in your order what kind of girl you wish to have as heroine. And if you prefer a hero to a heroine, all right. Describe him! You may tell where you wish to have the story happen and what, in a general way, you wish to have happen. That is, whether you want a mystery story, an adventure story, a boarding school story or what.

If there are certain things that you wish to have in your story, tell about them, too—certain kinds of houses, for instance, a cave or anything else. This is your opportunity to make a story, and to make it with a famous writer.

As soon as the orders come in, our judge, Mr. Hughes Mearns, of New York University, will go over them and select the twelve best. We will then publish the orders in THE AMERICAN GIRL, together with the names of the girls who wrote them. At the same time, we shall give the orders to the twelve famous authors who are going to write the stories for the magazine, according to order. Already Dorothy Canfield has promised to write one of them. And so has Augusta Huiell Seaman. When Mr. Mearns tells you whose orders are best, we shall tell you who the other ten writers are to be. And as soon as the stories themselves can be written, we shall start publishing them in THE AMERICAN GIRL.

Imagine the fun of putting in your order for a story, of having that story actually written and published here. But there is more to the plan, too. When each story is pub-

*Illustrations by Harriet Moncure*

lished, not only the name of the author will appear with it—the name of the girl who wrote the order will also be

there. And we shall publish photographs of the author and the girl who sent in the order for that particular story. Complete details of just what to do are given on page 29.

You will be interested in knowing how we happen to be having these *Made-to-Order* stories for THE AMERICAN GIRL. All of you have heard of Dorothy Canfield, the writer of those delightful books, *Understood Betsy*, *The Bent Twig* and many others. Dorothy Canfield (whose other name is Mrs. John Fisher) has a son called Jimmy. Some time ago, Jimmy became tired of all the stories he could find in books, so he and his mother invented the idea of made-to-order stories. Jimmy would tell what he wished to have in a story, sometimes writing down his order and putting it into his mother's sewing table drawer. Then Mrs. Fisher would make up a story to fit the order. Later, Dorothy Canfield wrote these stories down and published them in a book called *Made-to-Order Stories*.

These stories were written when Jimmy was younger than he is now and younger than most Girl Scouts, so that this book is a delightful one for you to read aloud to your own younger brothers and sisters. But the idea itself is a good one for everybody! Because we all know the kinds of stories we like best and we all know how difficult it is, sometimes, to find them.

Of course we asked Mrs. Fisher's permission to use her idea for THE AMERICAN GIRL. And she replied at once, "Of course! I shall be only too happy to have you." And when we also asked her to be one of the authors to carry out an order for a story in our magazine, she said, "I should love to. Do you think I can please the girls?" We told her we knew she could. We were very certain of it for two reasons. One reason is because we have read her books ourselves and we know that girls like to read what she has written.

And the other reason is that one summer we were near a girls' camp where Mrs. Fisher had also spent a summer, not long before. It seems that at that time she was writing

*(Continued on page 30)*

# "I Went to Camp Macy"

*The diary of a young Girl Scout leader who went to Camp Edith Macy—where all our leaders are coming to convention in the beautiful September weather*

By BIRDSALL OTIS EDEY

Illustrations by Catherine Lewis



Thank goodness nobody saw me!

On the train.

I CAN'T believe that it's really true, that I am positively off to the "Land of the Heart's Desire," Camp Macy! Of course, I knew that the Leaders' Association was going to send someone, because I helped to raise the money, but, oh, diary of mine, when they read out my name as getting the most votes, yours truly nearly collapsed! The girls said my face was a blank, and I think it was.

My troop gave me this book so I could write my honest to goodness thoughts in it every day. (I'll have a note-book for other things.)



"I cook at home and I'm sure my leaders—"

And they gave me the loveliest pair of blankets. Bless their hearts! They are going to take turns helping Mother, too. It's good they are in school most of each day or she would be smothered by their kind attentions.

I never spent a night in a train before, but I'm so tired I'll sleep all right unless the excitement keeps me awake. It certainly is a funny looking car now, with all the curtains up. My coop is

none too large. It's good I'm a small sized captain or I wouldn't fit.

Next evening, Camp Macy, Briarcliff Manor, N. Y.

Well, here I am. It appears that I am a whole day too early! Green for fair! However, it's all right because something tells me it will take me at least a day to know where to put my things. There doesn't seem to be much place to spread out. I'm awfully glad there wasn't anyone to see me fall flat on my face in the mud trying to be useful and carry up my own duffel bag. Just about ten minutes too late I found out I didn't have to carry it at all! I certainly had a time getting that mud off my uniform, before anyone saw it. There's no use trying to be too smart.

But I must go back to this morning. From the train I went straight to National Headquarters. Sakes alive, you

never saw such a lovely place. I was so proud to think my troop had helped build it, even if it was only one brick that we managed to produce. I saw all the "big bugs" and I want to write this just in here—if my troop is ever late again with its registration, I'll give up my job. The work that goes on in that department is—well, it's stupendous.

I got out here about five. It's pouring rain and the path up the hill to the tents is pretty muddy and steep, (as I found out to my cost, I'll say). It seems that you sleep in a tent whether it rains or not. There being no one else here, I picked out my cot and made it up with my new blankets. I find Mother has put in flannel nightgowns after all. I told her I wouldn't need them—they are so ugly, I hate to wear them. And of all things she's put in Bob's old army wrapper! I guess she thought his feelings would be hurt if I didn't bring it. I won't need that either. I have a pretty crêpe one, with lace. I want to look nice when all the others get here.

Goodness, it's raining hard. Miss Becker said I could build a fire in the troop house, but I couldn't start a fire in this wet place. We don't do much fire building in the rain at home. I'm going to put on my slicker and take a look around before it gets too dark to see anything at all.

(Continued on page 40)



"My Leaders' Association sent me and they want me to learn—"





Ready Go!

**I**S everybody ready? Hold onto your hat, we are going to travel fast on our Camp Tour this month. So many camps yet unvisited! So little left of the summer! Ready? Go!

### The Old Days, the Pioneer Days *Here, there, everywhere*

Here where we camp, Indians once trod lightly. Under this brush, their trails led through the woods. Let's go back to the old days of the Indians, to the days, too, of our pioneer fathers and mothers. Camp Roger Kemp of the Tulsa, Oklahoma, girls calls to us for this. We'll go on a hayride with them, to the old Indian Stomp Grounds. These Stomp Grounds are about two miles and a half from the camp site. We'll have a picnic supper there, just as the girls did last year. They told about it this way: "This place is the scene of the annual Green Corn Feast of the Seneca and Cayuga Indians of Ottawa County. The old native of the county who furnished the hay rick gave us an interesting account of the Feast and showed us how the Indians do the Stomp Dance, and how they played their games. They still give this feast and he attends every year."

Ho now, to Camp Merritt which belongs to the Hartford, Connecticut, girls! We'll stay in tents named after early settlers in this New England countryside. The girls will tell us all about them and we shall go with them to visit the places where they lived.

And next to The Greenwood, as the Colorado Springs Girl Scouts call their

camp. We are no longer camping upon a New England hillside. We are in the mountains. Our camp meals are served on a porch from which we have a beautiful view down a canyon to the north slope of Pike's Peak. The mountains! How our pioneer forefathers who first crossed these western plains must have stood in wonder when they first glimpsed these Rocky Mountains of our land. Our camp cook remembers those days—if not the very first, nevertheless "pioneer" days, for she herself was a pioneer. She will tell stories to us, true stories, just as she did last year.

And here is an invitation from Camp Manassoh, the camp of the East St. Louis girls. They, too, have their Indian tradition. Their camp is named for a famous Indian chief. And at camp-fire tonight they will give tableaux for us, showing the incidents of his life. Their evening meeting place is called the Pirates' Den, because the story which has been handed down the years in this part of the country is that this was a favorite hiding place of real pirates! The East St. Louis girls say they had pirates as well as Indians.

Another camp with an Indian name calls to us, Camp Wischixi of the Charleston, West Virginia, Girl Scouts. Wischixi is a Delaware Indian name. Our

invitation from Charleston brings us, too, one of their very attractive camp circulars. We like it and we like the poetry which we find in it.

"The stars of midnight shall be dear  
To her, and she shall lean her ear

In many a secret place  
Where rivulets dance their wayward round,  
And beauty born of murmuring sound,  
Shall pass into her face."

Come now, to Ohio, where, in the Cincinnati camp we shall look at a series of tableaux which will tell us of the early days in the Ohio country. Tecumseh Tableaux, they are called and their central hero is Tecumseh. What an attractive one he is! In his early days, Tecumseh was left largely to the care of his sister, so the girls learned when they searched through books of local history for the material for these tableaux. Here we see Tecumseh, his sister, working in a cornfield, with Tecumseh, the little papoose close by, leaned against a post.

And in Camp Mitchell, belonging to the Columbus, Ohio, Girl Scouts, who is the hero of the camp-fire dramatics but our favorite Johnny Appleseed. Haven't you always loved Vachel Lindsay's poem about him? And haven't you always loved the very idea of Johnny's travels—planting apple trees wherever he wandered? Apple trees that blossom with the spring? Many's the time when I have found an apple beside the road that I have wondered whether, perhaps, Johnny Appleseed didn't plant it! The Camp Mitchell girls say he passed along this Ohio way.

The old days, the pioneer days—who passed along your camp way? Have you discovered? Have you found the Indian poems, the Indian songs of your own part of the country? Have you read them, have you sung them, have you played them in your camp? Do!

### Today's Pioneers

*Yes, we are learning how*

Perhaps it is because we are at heart still much the pioneers that our forefathers were that girls in our camps everywhere seem to enjoy nothing more than this same pioneering. Here are the girls at Camp Osborn, of the Oranges



"The Spirit of Chivalry," given by Hingham, Massachusetts, girls, boasted bowmen and knights



# Our Big Camp Tour

*for the winter. "Never mind, though, summer's another again. Goodbye, goodbye," shouts Gladima*



"Camp washday is almost as much fun as swimming," say Duluth, Minnesota, Girl Scouts

in New Jersey, cutting trails through the woods, building primitive cooking places out-of-doors and learning how to fend for themselves in the open.

Here are the girls of Camp Castell, of Rochester, New York, going out to live in their pioneer unit, cooking and making their camping place comfortably livable. And yes, cutting and trimming and erecting a flagpole for it. A twenty foot maple was selected from a number of closely growing ones and felled with woodsmanlike skill. The small branches were trimmed off, leaving a straight pole which ten pioneers and the camp director carried on their shoulders, singing an old folk song, to the appointed spot. Up, up goes the pole with the aid of a pulley, a rope and a cleat—and proudly the flag flutters in the breeze.

In the Girl Scout Camp of Richmond, Virginia, we are invited to see an original camp-fire program called "Pioneers". Every costume worn is made from materials found right around the camp. Surely that is pioneering—to use only what is found at hand.

The Canton, Ohio, girls are busy building articles for their camp from what is at hand—rustic benches and tables. And the girls at Camp Innisfree are cutting trails, as were the girls at Camp Osborn, and building outdoor fireplaces.

In the pioneer camp of St. Paul, we pause too for admiration of their stove, which is waist high and was made from bricks found at a nearby ruined farmhouse. Natural blue clay is the plaster and a piece of old stove sheet iron serves as a top. A rock fireplace with a single crane is also used for heating extra water and for baking potatoes or bread twist.

And speaking of stoves, here's the favorite outdoor cooking recipe which the Peoria, Illinois, girls have promised to cook for us if we'll stop off there. Certainly, we will. Peoria girls. Here we come. Get ready!

## The Peoria Squaw Corn Recipe

Cut bacon into half-inch squares and fry till crisp and brown. Then add to this canned corn or corn cut from cobs, and a can of tomato sauce or canned tomatoes. Cook till thoroughly hot and serve on toast or with crackers. The proportion should be: eight slices of bacon to one can of corn and one of tomato sauce, although the bacon can be less if necessary. "It's better with plenty of bacon, of course," say the Peoria girls.

## Nature Trailers and Such

As we travel about the country, in our speedy way, we realize that there is no one who has given us all more than our own Dr. Cady, our Girl Scout naturalist.

Here in the camp of the Minneapolis Girl Scouts, the girls enjoy nothing more than their nature work. Each group of girls is allowed to choose what she wishes especially to interest herself in while she is at camp, and each time a new group of girls arrives at camp, over half of them vote to be "Nature Trailers". The Trailers are given little brown cambric caps, made Robin Hood style, which symbolizes that they are Acorns. If they stay two weeks, they are given a Greenwood Bow for their caps, symbolizing that they are now Saplings. The third week, a gold ribbon is added to the bow for they are now Sturdy Oaks. And if, at the end of the camp stay, they have achieved certain things in their nature work, they are presented with their Greenwood Bows to take home.

Way across the country in the camp of the Scranton, Pennsylvania, girls, we find them equally enthusiastic over their nature games and nature walks, their blue prints and their nature notebooks.

"So are we," cry the girls of Camp Houston, of Kimball, West Virginia. Here we find them labelling trees, making nature trails and otherwise finding delight in Dr. Cady's projects which they have got from our National Equipment Department.

Here's to our Dr. Cady!

**Singing, too**  
*Yes, we'll join in*

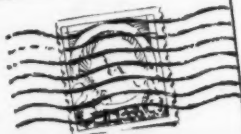
The lovely old songs attract us most, we think. Here we are at the camp of the Ithaca, New York, girls, just in time for a songfest of old folk songs—I'll Sing You One, Oh! Summer Is Icumen In, Haste Away to the Wedding, and John Peel, The Keeper, and the Sky Boat Song, all to be found in our Girl Scout Song Book.

*Sniff, sniff—smells good, that squaw corn these pioneers of Manchester, Connecticut, are stirring*



# Peggy's Round

"Oh-h!" they groan—these friends of Peggy, and Peggy groans, too, that camp should be over



Miss Peggy  
Camp

In the woods  
Thursday

Hello, Peggy,

Are you as miserable as I am because the end of camp comes so soon? Isn't it just too awful. Why, the summer simply flew! I'm lying here in my handmade hammock got my handicraft badge for it—wondering if I'll ever have such a gorgeous summer again.

I have so much to tell you, I don't know where to begin. First—we gave The American girl stunt last week—the one that was in the magazine I was a ghost. It was great, and the subscriptions simply rolled in! Second, we had our swimming meet on Tuesday and our patrol work. Jerry won the diving and



The Pied Piper, far away from the rats and children of Hamlin town, pipes among the green hills of Westchester at Camp André



No matches? What's that to this Toledo Girl Scout who makes her camp fire Indian fashion



# d Robin

bese  
and  
that  
over

Look out for the  
splash when the  
race starts at  
Paducah, Ken-  
tucky's camp



Banjos, bandannas and beads all played  
their part for the raggle-taggle gyp-  
sies at Camp Juliette Low, Georgia



One of the things Peggy likes best at camp is canoeing just at dusk  
when the water is calm, as these Cleveland Girl Scouts are doing



What's  
Toledo  
t who  
r camp  
fashion



luscious smell? It's  
Hoffman's chicken  
cue, up in the  
of Rhode Island

Knots, at Camp  
Chaparral, Cali-  
fornia, means ham-  
mocks and badges

# Make It Yourself

*Here are the last two pieces of the set of silk underwear you began last month—you may have them all for only five dollars*

**F**OUR pieces of silk underwear for only five dollars does sound like a fairy tale, especially when you count them—shirt, step-ins, nightgown and princess slip. But it is all quite possible, as those of you who made the shirt and step-ins after last month's directions know.

The material used for this underwear is soft, cream-colored pongee, thirty-four inches wide that costs fifty-four cents a yard. The binding is of lovely peach-colored silk bias tape which is made especially for lingerie and is washable, and the quaint little flowers are made of this same peach-colored tape and some light blue just like it. For those who did not read last month's issue, the directions for making these little flowers will be found at the end of this article, as well as a statement of just what you should buy and the cost of everything.

It takes just seven yards of pongee to make the four pieces for a fifteen-year-old girl. If you are very tall you had better buy eight yards. But we will assume that you are a regulation fifteen-year-old. If you bought five yards of material last month, you will have used about sixty-one inches for the shirt and step-ins, and you will have the remainder of the material still uncut, so that we may now begin on the princess slip.

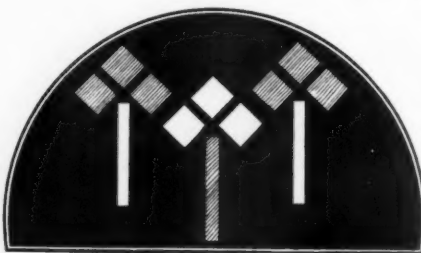
If you feel uneasy about cutting into the material directly, make paper patterns first by sewing or gluing together big pieces of paper and drawing and cutting them out. By holding them up to you, you can tell pretty well whether they will be the right size or you can alter to fit.

## Princess Slip

The princess slip is made with a very deep hem so that it will be shadow proof. First, cut two pieces of pongee forty-two inches long and lay them together. The one piece will be the front of the slip and the other the back. The waist part of each should be cut eighteen inches wide at the top and ten inches deep. The skirt is left the full width of the material. Where the skirt is cut off at the

By HELEN PERRY CURTIS

Illustrations by Harriet Moncure



*The flower design for your nightgown—the shaded leaves and stem are peach color; the white are blue*

top, continue cutting five inches into the waist part a straight line at both sides. This will leave you a straight front panel eight inches wide which has not been cut at all, and will give a nice front and back to your slip. Next, sew up the side seams of the skirt and waist and baste in a twelve inch hem. You can slip it on later to see if it is the right length and it can easily be lengthened or shortened before you put in the finished hem.

Now, bind the top of your slip with a piece of the peach-colored silk binding tape. This is made on the bias, so you must be careful

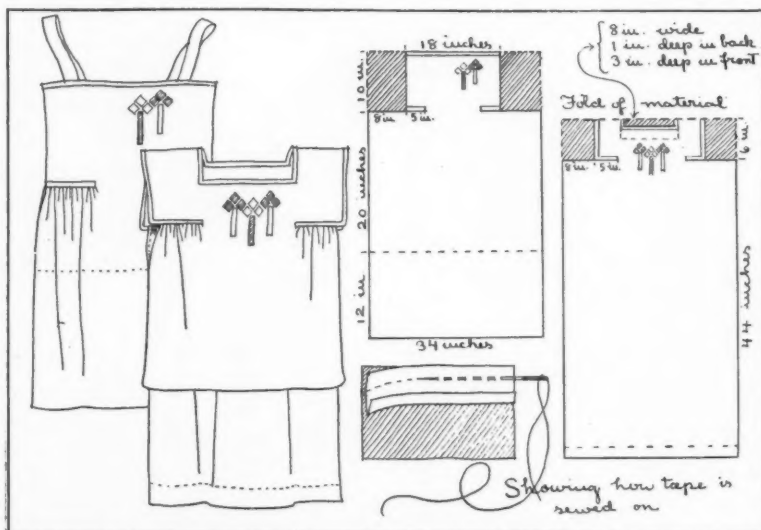
not to stretch or pucker it as you put it on. Open out the edge of the tape, lay it against the outside of the material with the raw edges of the material and tape together, and sew it very carefully in the crease. The diagram will show you how to do this.

Put on the two little flower decorations as you did last month, hemming them down finely around the edge. Bind the bottom of the waist on the two sides where it has been slit, being careful to make a neat finish where the binding ends at the front and back panels. Then gather the top part of the skirt on each side, about one quarter inch from the edge, draw it up until it is just the length of the binding on the bottom edge of the blouse, slip the gathers up under the binding and sew them very finely, being sure to make the side seams of the waist and skirt meet, and to distribute the gathers evenly. Then overcast the top of the gathers to make a neat edge.

Make your shoulder straps from the little pieces cut off

the yoke of the nightgown. Cut two strips three inches wide and twelve inches long, fold them double and sew about one-half inch from the edge. Turn it right side out by pinning a safety pin in one end and running it through. The inside edges of the shoulder straps should be about eight inches apart, both front and back, and should be carefully sewed onto the edge of the bias tape so no rough edges show.

*(Continued on page 45)*



*The lengths given above are for the average fifteen-year-old girl whose size is thirty-four. If you are taller, make the measurements larger. Cut them first in paper if you are not sure*



# Again Our What-I-Wish- in-My-Magazine Contest

*In which you may vote for what you want  
in The American Girl and tell your fav-  
orite author what kind of story to write*

**O**NCE more the time has come for our What-I-Wish-in-My-Magazine Contest, the most important contest of the year. You write a letter "ordering" just the kind of story you want from your favorite author. You vote for what you want to have in the magazine. The prize-winning letters are published in the magazine. And—your favorite author actually does write the kind of story that you want (provided you *are* one of the prize winners!) with your name in the magazine beside hers.

## Enter the Contest Today

There is no time like now! The conditions of the contest are simple, but don't forget any of them.

1. Every reader of THE AMERICAN GIRL is eligible.
2. Both a ballot and a letter must be sent in, *together*, by every girl entering the contest. Your full name, age, troop number (if you are a Girl Scout) and address must be at the top of the first page of your letter. Don't forget.
3. Vote on the ballot given here and on the next page. Both sides of the ballot must be *completely* filled out. Cut along the line and mail the ballot with your letter. If you do not wish to cut your magazine, you may use a separate sheet. Copy the ballot on it and answer the questions as the ballot indicates. In copying, don't miss anything.
4. Write a separate letter of not more than five hundred words on, "The Story I Wish to Order for THE AMERICAN GIRL." Be sure to tell what author you would like to have write your story. Further suggestions for your order will be found on page 22.
5. Write on one side of the paper only when you write your letter.
6. The contest closes on October fifteenth. No letters and ballots mailed after midnight of that date will be eligible.
7. Letters must be addressed to the What-I-Wish-in-My-Magazine Contest, 670 Lexington Avenue, New York City.

## How to Vote

Get together as many back copies of THE AMERICAN GIRL as you can. Look them over. Refresh your memory about the various stories and other pages. Make up your mind which you have liked best—then fill out the ballot.

## Your Letter

When it comes to your letter—what fun to order from your favorite author just the kind of story you'd like to have. Better think about this for a little while before you actually write the letter itself. Make up your mind what kind of story you really do want most, the kind of girl you'd like to have for a heroine, if you wish a heroine—and all the other things that go to make up a rattling good story, to your mind.

Don't forget that your "order" may be the best! Don't forget that your name may appear along with Mrs. Seaman's! Somebody's is going to. It certainly may be yours.

## I Wish To Have This In My Magazine THE AMERICAN GIRL

I, ....., Assistant Editor,  
Age..... Troop Number.....  
Town..... State.....  
wish to tell you that

## The Three Authors I like best who have had stories in the magazine are

1. ....
2. ....
3. ....



## The Three Stories I like best

which have been published in the magazine are

1. ....
2. ....
3. ....



## The Three Covers I like best are (mention the issue)

1. ....
2. ....
3. ....



## About our Poetry Pages

I think that

I do like them ..... Check which!  
I do not like them .....

## The three poems I like best were

1. ....
2. ....
3. ....



## About our Sports Pages

I wish you would have:

Pages about.....

(Mention the sports and kinds of games you most wish to have us tell you about)

Cut here

Turn please





# Order a Story from Your Favorite Author



*My Favorite Book is*

*My Favorite Kinds of Stories are*

1. ....
2. ....
3. ....

*What kind of career shall I enter?*

Please answer this for me. I am interested in.....

(Mention here every kind of work in which you are interested)

I am planning to  
Finish high school  
Go on to normal school  
Go on to College  
or

(fill in)

*About the Special New Page.*

Like the one on page 13 of this issue, about a real girl! I have been reading them and this is what I think about them:

*It just happens I didn't like this*

My reason is:.....

(Mention any story on other pages which haven't interested you)

*Answer this one!*

"Yes"—or "No." say I!

"Have I liked 'The Real Diary of a Real Girl Scout'?"

".....," say I.

"Have I liked the kind of puzzles that have been in the magazine?" ".....," say I.

"Have I liked the jokes on our Joke Page?" ".....," say I.

"Would I like to have stories written by other girls?" ".....," say I.

"Would I like to have some stories by authors that haven't been in THE AMERICAN GIRL?" ".....," say I. "They are

"Is there anything else not yet in the magazine that I'd like?" ".....," say I. "It's



Cut here

(Continued from page 22)

*Understood Betsy* and as soon as she had finished a chapter, she would go over to the camp, read it to the girls and see how they liked it. There was never any question about that. The only trouble was that it took time to write a chapter, and the girls simply could not wait to see what happened next! It was like having an exciting serial in the magazine and having to wait until the next month for the next step. Whenever the girls would meet Mrs. Fisher at the post office of that little Vermont village, or along the road, they would ask, "When are you coming over to read some more of your story?" The book was finished at last and the girls gave it their unanimous approval.

Mr. Hughes Mearns, our judge, also has written a book in which young people have collaborated. Perhaps you have read *Creative Youth* in which he tells about the girls and boys he knew at Lincoln School in New York City, and how they wrote poems and stories; and perhaps you remember, too, how surprised the grownup world was to discover that some of this writing was very good indeed.

For Mr. Mearns believed that young people could write; that they could express beautifully the things they knew and saw and felt. But he discovered that most boys and girls were shy about what they had written. They would write stories or verses and hide them away, thinking they were not good enough to show anyone. And, of course, some of them were not very good. Writing, like other things, is a craft and you become skilful by doing a thing many times. But some of the writings did have the germ of an idea; some of the poems did have beautiful lines, even though many verses were uneven and many thoughts ungracefully expressed.

These boys and girls whom Mr. Mearns knew would bring in their half finished poems and their ideas for stories and they would talk them over. It all happened in Mr. Mearns' high school English class, but if you had looked in, you would never have guessed that this was a school room. Such arguments as they had! Sometimes the writer had to defend his work against all the other writers, who thought his was not the best way. And usually he became so interested that he forgot all about being bashful.

It was fun to see the merest beginning of an idea grow into a story, and it was fascinating to watch the thought of a poem become clear and its language graceful and rhythmic. Mr. Mearns worked with them at his writing, too. He had learned the story-teller's craft through his own books, *I Ride in My Coach* and *Lions in the Way* and others.

It was because of the fun these Lincoln School boys and girls had that we were glad indeed when Mr. Mearns said he would read your orders for stories and judge the best ones.

## Remember

That you must fill out the ballot on both sides and mail it with your letter. And make your letter just as explicit as you can—so that the judges will know just what kind of story you like. Make your letter interesting, too, because, of course, our writers will want to write you the most thrilling story you can imagine.

And read over all the conditions of the contest the last thing before you mail your letter. Think how dreadful it would be if your letter was rejected because you wrote on both sides of the paper!




# 1001

## CASH PRIZES

*in*

# POSTUM'S

# \$10,000

## prize contest

✦

**H**ERE is a wonderful chance to win a prize that will go a long way toward giving you a college education. What *couldn't* you do with a thousand dollars!

One subject especially will appeal to you—"Why I think Instant Postum made with milk is the best hot drink for boys and girls." No end to the things you can write on this subject! Here is a drink made from whole wheat and bran, plus the body-building nourishment of milk! A *hot* drink prepared instantly in the cup. A drink whose fine flavor wins immediate liking. A drink anyone can enjoy, any meal of the day, with only the best effects! My, what a letter you will be able to write! And your letter may win \$1,000!

Two other groups of prizes. \$1,000 prizes! \$500 prizes! Hundreds of prizes for letters on "How I make Postum—and why I like it best made *my* way."

Many girls have enjoyed experimenting in making Postum. Some have found they prefer Postum Cereal, made by boiling. Others like Instant Postum, prepared instantly in the cup. Some like Postum strong, others weak, still others "medium." Tell us how *you* make Postum—and why you like it best made *your* way! Win a prize with your letter!

Your mother or father will probably want to try for the third group of prizes, for letters about "What the 30-day test of Postum has done for me." Thousands have used Postum, in place of caffein beverages, for thirty days, and then have kept right on using it because of *results*! Whether your mother and father have used Postum for twenty years or are only beginners, tell them to write us their experience with Postum. Big prizes for the best letters!

\$10,000 in prize money waiting to be won! Start preparing your entries now!

### THE JUDGES

U. S. Senator Royal S. Copeland, M. D., former Health Commissioner of New York City; Alice Bradley, Food Editor, Woman's Home Companion; Sarah Field Splint, Home Economics Editor, McCall's Magazine.

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*Postum* is one of the Post Health Products, which include also Grape-Nuts, Post Toasties, Post's Bran Flakes, and Post's Bran Chocolate. Your grocer sells Postum in two forms—Instant Postum, made instantly in the cup, and Postum Cereal, the kind you boil. If you are not one of the millions who now purchase Postum, you may obtain a sample of either Instant Postum or Postum Cereal by addressing the manufacturer.

### Subjects and Prizes

1. "Why I think Instant Postum made with milk is the best hot drink for boys and girls."
2. "How I make Postum—and why I like it best made *my* way."
3. "What the 30-day test of Postum has done for me."  
(Letters on any subject not to exceed 300 words in length)

For the best letters on *each* subject: First prize, \$1000; second, \$500; third, \$250; fourth, 3 prizes of \$100 each; fifth, 4 prizes of \$50 each; sixth, 5 prizes of \$25 each; seventh, 10 prizes of \$15 each; eighth, 25 prizes of \$10 each; ninth, 35 prizes of \$5 each; tenth, 35 prizes of \$3 each; eleventh, 68 prizes of \$2 each; twelfth, 146 prizes of \$1 each for first and third subjects, 145 prizes of \$1 each for second subject.

### RULES

- 1 You may write on any one or all of the subjects and submit as many entries as you care to.
- 2 Write the subject at the top of the first page of each manuscript you submit.
- 3 Write plainly on one side of the paper only. Neatness counts.
- 4 Write your name and address on each manuscript.
- 5 In case of ties, each tying contestant will be awarded the full amount of each prize tied for.
- 6 Contestants agree to accept the decisions of the judges as final.
- 7 No communications will be acknowledged, and no manuscripts will be returned.
- 8 Employees of the Postum Company, Inc., are not eligible.
- 9 Address envelopes to "P. O. Box 574—R, Battle Creek, Michigan."
- 10 Manuscripts must be received before 5 p.m. December 31, 1927.

(Prizes will be awarded, and the names and addresses of prize winners announced as early as possible in 1928.)



## Here's the Answer—

to Question No. 10 of the  
Girl Scout Laundry Test

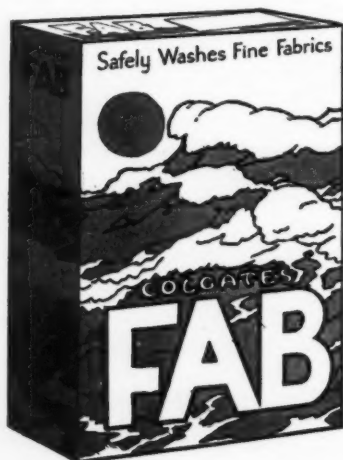
**H**OW to remove stains—butter, ice cream, and other kinds—sounds like one of the hardest problems of the Girl Scout Laundry Test.

But with Fab and no trouble at all you can take an egg stain from a middie blouse, an ice cream stain from a party dress, a butter stain from a gingham frock—any common stain from any washable material.

Once a garment is stained, you should attend to the removal of the spot immediately. With this method it takes but a few minutes to remove any spot.

Swish up a heavy Fab suds. Hold the stain over the bowl. Pat on the Fab suds, sometimes gentle rubbing is helpful. Some stains such as cocoa, tea, coffee and fruit should have hot water poured through them from a height, and the Fab suds gently rubbed in.

There are certain very stubborn stains that only a chemical can remove. But for assistance in removing these, the Colgate Bulletin on Stain Removal gives the simplest and most improved methods.



Janet Read of Colgate & Co. will give you full directions for removing any stain. She also gives advice on taking stains out of unwashable materials. Write her.



## Cooking Without

(Continued from page 19)

come in tin, which cost even less, but do not wear as well.

Just before starting, the chief cook read over the recipe for the favorite dessert she had planned. Here it is:

### Raspberry Shortcake

4 cups flour	Water
8 teaspoons baking powder	3 tablespoons fat
1½ teaspoons salt	¾ quart raspberries
	Sugar to taste

Cut the fat through the dry ingredients. Add the water slowly, mixing quickly and lightly until there is no free flour. Pinch off a piece of dough of the desired size, flatten the top a little, and butter it if you have butter. Lay a duplicate piece of dough on top. Bake in a greased reflector pan. When light and brown, separate the two layers—here more butter may be added if it is available—fill with raspberries and sugar, and replace the top and add more berries.

The campers paddled under a darkening sky, and when the camping place, a sandy beach with a few scattered rocks, was reached, the rain was coming down so hard that the canoes had to be turned over and used for shelters for the food. Two rocks lying together proved some protection from rain and wind, so they were chosen to form the back of the fireplace. One of the canoes, turned over at a convenient but safe distance, was reserved for a woodshed and soon nearly everyone was out looking for fuel in the nearby woods. Those who were wise broke or chopped off the dead lower branches of standing trees. The dead evergreen twigs were especially sought after for kindling. One girl found an old stump and secured dry wood from the heart. Another peeled off strips of dead birch bark. She knew that even though it was wet its inflammable oil would be unharmed.

The fire was made and the squantum put on to boil. The reflector oven with its burden of shortcakes stood in front of the fire, which had been banked up against the rocks in order to take full advantage of their reflecting qualities. The processes of rising and browning went on in spite of the weather. Of course no such wild raspberry shortcake has ever been tasted before or since!

*Note: Here are the contest conditions:*

Any reader of THE AMERICAN GIRL is eligible to make from one to five entries. Write on one side of the page only and put your name, age and address at the top of each page. If a Girl Scout, give your troop number. The contest closes on September fifteenth and no recipes mailed after midnight of that date will be eligible. Recipes are to serve ten and must be prepared over a campfire. A reflector or a Dutch oven may be used. Recipes must be in the following form:

1. List of ingredients (in tabulated form)
2. Method of mixing and cooking (in paragraph form)
3. Utensils (if any)
4. Preparation time
5. Type of fire
6. Kind of fuel (wood from what trees)
7. Construction of fire

There is a special FREE sample of Fab for any Girl Scout who sends in the coupon.

Janet Read  
Colgate & Company, Dept. 201-L  
595 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

I should like to have a sample box of Fab and the Colgate bulletin on Stain Removal.

Name.....  
Address.....  
City.....State.....

*Did you ever drive an airplane? Curly Saks did—and she did lots more, besides—*



## Jo Ann and the Princess

(Continued from page 18)

Miss Bumpus declared it was a disgraceful and unladylike proceeding. And now Minnedawa-ites and Mondega-ites had no more picnics.

"Don't you think," asked Mr. Branch of Miss Cooper as the girls lolled on the dusty grass, "we might induce Miss Bumpus to let us have a picnic again this year? It seems to me the trouble over the totem pole was entirely due to that tomboy girl, and you've probably refused to let her come back this year."

"Jo Ann?" said Miss Cooper. "But she did come back. Why, I believe none of the seniors would have come back if we had shut out Jo Ann. You probably don't understand that they consider her a hero—no, not a heroine, a hero. She has their admiration and—"

"Pardon me," said Mr. Branch, interrupting her. "This is our hundred yard dash for seniors. I am supposed to fire the starting gun."

He walked across the road where one of the Mondega counselors was lining up the senior sprinters for the dash. Jo Ann got to her feet.

"Watch my bugle, Gladly," she said and moved to the starting line as if interested in what was happening.

"Ready! Set!" cried Mr. Branch, and the pistol he held above his head spat viciously. Tommy Bassick and the other competitors leaped forward from their crouching position—and so did Jo Ann. With her head high and her arms pressed against her sides she ran side by side with Tommy at the head of the sprinters until within twenty yards of the finish. Then she made her famous Nurmi-style finish, leaped ahead of Tommy Bassick and broke the tape three-tenths of a second ahead of him. The Minnedawa girls jumped up and down and screamed, and Mr. Branch loped to the finish line.

"We will run this over—we will run this over," he said, flustered. "Young lady—"

"She got away ahead of the gun," Tommy Bassick said. "She couldn't do it if she took a fair start."

"I could, too!" Jo Ann declared. "I'll run you again."

Miss Cooper came up, her face red. "Jo Ann," she said, "this is too much! You will return to camp at once."

And that ended *that*. Jo Ann went down the road, pausing to wave back at the hikers, and at the camp reported at once to the chief. Bumpy was very stern when she heard the story.

"You will remain in your shack until Miss Cooper returns," she said. "When she returns and I hear the story from her I will decide what is to be done. It is probable that I shall have to send you home. I am afraid that you are always to be a disturbing element, Josephine."

The disturbing element obeyed Miss Bumpus' orders. In her shack she threw her knapsack on the bed and stretched out beside it. She thought over what she had done and she was not sorry she had done it; only one thing distressed her—she had not heard what time she had made in the hundred yard dash.

"This time," she thought, suddenly sol-

emn, "I do get chuckled. That's pretty sure. They can't stand girls who do things more lively than play jack-stones and bean-bag. Well, mother won't break her heart; I didn't do anything so awful. But I hate to leave at that! Oh, gosh!"

She had a book to read and it was not so annoying to be confined to the shack when the other seniors were out of the camp. But after supper she hated to go back there alone, with all the juniors getting ready for campfire, especially this particular night. As she drifted off to sleep she heard the *Princess Minnedawa Song*, she knew then that the juniors were making the annual offering of maize to the Princess, and that the hiking seniors, wherever they had stopped for the night, were gathered in a circle and singing the Princess song, too, for this was the night dedicated to the Princess.

As Jo Ann slept, the juniors were gathered in a circle in the rectangle made by the shacks. They were seated on the ground around the Princess and the Princess was wearing her buckskin costume. The Princess was to Camp Minnedawa what the totem was to Camp Mondega, or perhaps even more. She was not exactly wooden because she had been made of a root of a tree. The first year the camp had existed Miss Florance, counselor in arts and crafts, had found the root and had noticed that it resembled an Indian, more or less, and she had carved the face and limbs, set the figure in the middle of the rectangle amidst the huts and dubbed it "Princess Minnedawa." Here on a stump the Princess had stood for years, the symbol and patron saint of the camp.

Once each year the Festival of the Maize was held after the corn had ripened, and grains of corn were presented to the Princess, one grain for each girl in camp. But no grain of corn would be given to the Princess for Jo Ann this night because she was in disgrace.

The juniors and even the seniors took the Princess very seriously. Counselors and even Bumpy herself might be laughed at now and then but the Princess was the Spirit of the Camp, and that is why Miss Gerton, crossing the rectangle after all the juniors were in their huts that night, stopped short and uttered an exclamation of amazement. The Princess was not on her stump! The Princess was gone!

The exclamation uttered by Miss Gerton was not one of amazement merely because the Princess was gone but because not a minute before the Princess had been standing on the stump, the grains of corn at her feet, the head-dress of feathers on her head, her buckskin festival garb on her carved-root body.

Miss Gerton had crossed the rectangle only to take a book to Miss Torrance in Shack Six. She had left her own shack, passed in front of the Princess, entered Shack Six to hand the book to Miss Torrance, and had come out again immediately—and the Princess in that short moment had disappeared. Utterly dis-

(Continued on page 34)

Now, while helping mother—and later, when you busy yourself about a little home of your own, you'll be glad to have the extra help of Fels-Naptha!

Good soap and plenty of dirt-loosening naphtha, working hand-in-hand in Fels-Naptha, make things easier for mother.

Fels-Naptha saves wear-and-tear on her.

The grocer has Fels-Naptha—  
or will get it for you



### Good Bye Rust and Tarnish

You can easily rust-proof all unlacquered metal surfaces, from finest lamp to Bobby's tin horse, with

## 3-in-One

Prevents Rust—Oils—Cleans & Polishes  
Keeps all ornamental iron and brass, plain brass and nickel-plated faucets and bathroom fixtures looking fresh and new.

At all good stores, in 1-oz., 3-oz. and ¼-pint bottles and 3-oz. Handy Oil Cans.

Write for generous sample

FREE— and illustrated circulars.

THREE-IN-ONE OIL CO.

130 William St. New York, N. Y.

KR575



Retain the Charm  
Of Girlhood  
A Clear Sweet Skin  
Cuticura  
Will Help You

Use Cuticura Soap Every Day

THE SKY PILOT STAR  
and PLANET CHART -- \$ .50  
With Manual ----- 1.00  
GEORGE R. LOCKWOOD  
Englewood, N. J.

She's the heroine of Thomson Burtis' new serial beginning in October

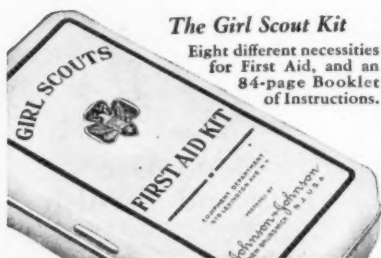


## When a Girl Scout shows her mettle

**A**N accident... First Aid needed... Someone who *knows*. And up steps a Girl Scout, ready, not only with First Aid knowledge, but her First Aid Kit—made according to Girl Scout Headquarters' specifications—especially for her.

You can't be a real First Aider without one... ask your leader. And it's the handiest kit you ever saw! A rustproof metal case, in a khaki cover. Looks splendid on your belt. Scout Headquarters has it for you. It costs just 80 cents.

**Johnson & Johnson**  
NEW BRUNSWICK NEW JERSEY



Made to the specifications of Girl Scout Headquarters

## Make Money for Your Troop This Christmas

Color and sell Christmas cards—  
25 cards with envelopes and  
directions for \$1.00

BETTY KING  
112 West 11th Street  
New York City

## Jo Ann and the Princess

(Continued from page 33)

It took Miss Gerton but a moment to observe several things. Many of the grains of corn had been swept off the stump and now lay on the ground. Someone or something had walked across the wetted remains of the fire of honor. The crown of feathers that had been on the head of the Princess lay on the stump. But another thing Miss Gerton noticed as well. She herself had hung three of her handkerchiefs on a cord that was stretched rather high in the air—say seven feet—between Shack Nine and Shack Four, and now one of these handkerchiefs was gone.

For a moment or two Miss Gerton stood with her fingers on her lip, thinking. The juniors had all been present at the festival and they were now undoubtedly all in their shacks; they were hardly in their beds yet, and in each shack was a counselor. That accounted for the juniors, and there was but one senior in camp—Jo Ann. Miss Gerton looked toward the shack where she thought she had left Jo Ann asleep and she drew a deep breath as she saw something white on the step. It was the missing handkerchief from the line. It all seemed plain to Miss Gerton now. Jo Ann had only pretended to be asleep and, as soon as she was left alone she had rushed out and wrenched the Princess from her stump. She had brushed the handkerchief from the line, probably carrying the Princess on her shoulder, and she had hidden the Princess somewhere. Miss Gerton walked hastily to the shack and looked in. Jo Ann was sitting on the side of the bed.

"Put something on," said Miss Gerton. "I want you to come with me to Miss Bumpus. Or wait! Perhaps I need not bring this to Miss Bumpus' attention if you will immediately return the Princess to her place. Will you?"

"If I—" exclaimed Jo Ann. "If I what?"

"Return the Princess to her place," said Miss Gerton very seriously. "I know you must feel some resentment, but what you have done isn't a bit fair to the other girls. You know as well as I do that they won't think it a bit funny that you stole the Princess and hid her. On the night of the Maize Festival, of all times."

"Is the Princess gone?" asked Jo Ann. Miss Gerton thought with suspicious innocence of expression.

"If that is the attitude you are going to take, Jo Ann," she said, "I think you had better come with me to see Miss Bumpus."

Now, Jo Ann was as completely a tomboy as one could wish but that did not mean that she was hard as nails. As she got into her khaki she was as hurt as a person can be if accused of what she has not done. She thought that being kept in her shack was quite enough. And to be accused of insulting her beloved camp by taking liberties with the Princess was just too much! As she stood before Miss Bumpus while Miss Gerton told the story of the disappearance of

the Princess, the mouth of Jo Ann was set and defiant and she would not say a word.

Jo Ann supposed one of the juniors had taken the Princess as a lark, but when the seniors returned a camp council was held in the rectangle to decide what was to be done. It was, in effect a trial of Jo Ann, with the whole camp as jury. It was then, with juniors, seniors, counselors and Miss Bumpus in the circle around the empty stump-pedestal of the Princess, that Jo Ann stood up. She had been gazing fixedly at a crotch in the tree from which hung the swing.

"I tell you," she said, "that I did not take the Princess. I ought to hate you for thinking I would do such a thing, but I don't. All I ask you is one thing—do you want the Princess back?"

"We certainly do!" they exclaimed.

"Then I'll get her," said Jo Ann.

The next moment she was standing on the board of the swing that hung from the maple limb above their heads. She went up the swing ropes hand over hand, threw a leg over the limb of the maple and drew herself up. Along the maple limb she crept to the trunk of the tree. Here she hoisted herself up to a second limb that reached out in the opposite direction—over the wire enclosure and the lane between the camp and Mr. Burton's farm. Out this limb she went until she reached a point where, by standing upright and reaching high, she could clasp a limb of a giant white oak tree that stood inside the fence of Mr. Burton's farm. And so to the oak's trunk.

Up the trunk of the oak Jo Ann clambered to where three branches met, and here she let herself into a rotted hollow in the trunk. In a moment she was up again, holding the Princess in her teeth. And down she came.

"There's your Princess," she said. "I knew that was where Tommy Bassick would put her—I saw that hollow when I went to get the apples."

"But, my dear Jo Ann!" exclaimed Miss Bumpus. "how ever did you guess that Tommy Bassick—"

"Anybody could guess that," said Jo Ann. "He had to lie on that limb up there, and fish for the Princess with a cord and a hook. He caught her and dragged her across the grains of corn and through the wet fire. When he lifted her she hit the handkerchief so it fell."

"But how did you know it was Tommy Bassick?" asked Miss Bumpus.

"Hah!" exclaimed Jo Ann. "Who else did I beat in a hundred yard dash?"

"And is that the only reason you think he stole the Princess?"

"Except that he has a red head," said Jo Ann, "and—" she laughed, "he bet me a dime last summer that he would and—I saw some maize up there in the crotch of the tree that the Princess must have dropped on her way."

"You may go back to your shack, Jo Ann," said Miss Bumpus, who was a human being after all, it seemed. "We will overlook everything this time."

"And that," as Jo Ann said when she was back in the shack, "is that!"

Work and play and pranks and danger—Blackie, the beaver, knew them all—

# So Easy Now to Make Flowers Like These!

—And more than 60 other varieties. Make them at home for decoration—as gifts—to sell!

**T**HOUSANDS of women and girls are now enjoying the fascinating art of making flowers of Dennison Crepe. For by a simple, easy new method—the Dennison-craft Home Course in Crepe Paper Flower Making—complete, step-by-step instruction is brought to you wherever you live, so that you can make flowers of every kind, right at home. Yes, you can make flowers as natural as though freshly picked from the garden, flowers so perfect your friends will insist they are real. You can have flowers to decorate your home—flowers for the table at parties, luncheons, dinners. You can make them for your church or club or school. You can make them as favors or gifts. And you can make money selling them. Everywhere crepe paper flowers are now in demand for decorative uses. The smartest shop windows are using them. They are the popular decoration for parties and banquets.

## Delightful New Way to Make Money at Home

Hundreds of women and girls have found flower making the quickest, easiest, most delightful way to have an income of their own. "I have already sold 10 dozen sweet peas," writes Etta M. Andrews of Worcester, Mass., a few days after starting. "I have sold all the American Beauties I made," writes Miss Marion Miller of Ellenville, N.Y. "The customers I have sold," says Mrs. Owen Wilson of Cadiz, Ohio, "tell me I make the finest, most perfect and most natural flowers they have ever seen." In no other way can you make money at home so quickly after starting, at such little cost, and at work you will enjoy every minute.

### You Start At Once

You will be surprised how easily you learn and what fun it is to make flowers this new way. There is no tedious practicing, no delay getting ready. The very day you receive your Course you can proudly show your family and friends beautiful

flowers you have made yourself. And soon you can make in part of an afternoon or evening a dozen gorgeous roses, a great bowl of flaming poppies, any kind of flower your fancy chooses.

### Three Big Books

This new method comes to you in three generous volumes, 9 x 12 inches in size, printed in large clear type and handsomely bound in covers in four colors. They contain the clearest possible step-by-step directions and more than 300 photographic illustrations. You are told just what materials are required for each flower, what quantity, what colors. Then you are shown how to cut your materials, how to make the separate parts, how to assemble them, how to shape the flower to perfect form. For every flower, patterns are provided in full size, so you find it easy to cut them out.

### How to Get Started

The best part of all about this new plan is that it costs so little and it is so easy to start. You might well expect such a course to cost \$10 or \$15 or even \$25, but we want every woman and girl who loves flowers to know the happiness of making them, and everyone who wants to make money at home to be able to do so quickly. So the price has been set to cover barely the cost of placing the Course in your hands. And even this small cost you do not pay until you receive your course at the door of your own home.

### Send No Money!

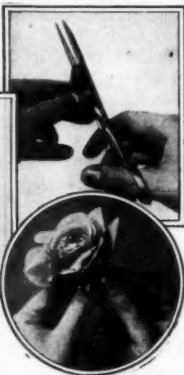
Simply fill out and mail the coupon below and when the package comes, pay the postman only \$2, plus the few cents postage, and the Course is yours. Furthermore, if when you have carefully inspected the books and the outfit, you do not consider the Course worth many times this small cost, simply return it and we will gladly refund your money.



By this fascinating, easy plan you learn to make not merely three or four kinds of flowers, but roses, sweet peas, carnations, chrysanthemums, poppies, lilies, apple blossoms, poinsettias—actually more than 60 varieties.

## See How Simple!

These illustrations, greatly reduced, show how every step in flower making is clearly pictured.



The complete course contains more than 300 illustrations from actual photographs.

## OUTFIT OF FREE MATERIALS

If you will send this coupon at once, we will include with your Course absolutely free an outfit of materials—a sample supply of Dennison crepe in a variety of colors, wire, paste, everything you need to start making flowers at once without a day's delay. This is a special offer to help you get started quickly, but to make sure of receiving the outfit, send the coupon now.

DENNISON-CRAFT, Dept. 27-J, Framingham, Mass.

Please send me at once by parcel post the Dennison-craft Home Course in Crepe Paper Flower Making and the Free Outfit of Materials. I will pay the postman \$2 in full payment for the Course, plus the few cents postage. It is understood that if I am not more than satisfied, I may return the Course within 10 days and you will refund my money.

Name.....

Street or R.F.D. ....

City.....

State.....

Note: If you prefer, or if you might not be at home when the postman calls, you may send \$2 (check or money order) with this Coupon and the Course and Outfit will be sent postage prepaid. If sending \$2 put an X here.....

Why not let us send you at the same time, some of the famous Dennison instruction booklets—and a copy of the Party Magazine. Simply check those you want and enclose 10 cents for each.

- .....Crepe Paper Costumes
- .....Table Decorations
- .....Sealing Wax Craft
- .....Weaving Paper Rope
- .....The Party Magazine (\$2 cents)

And he found something else, too. Samuel Scoville, Jr., tells what next month



### Soap and Sealing Wax— learn this delightful new craft

SEND 10 cents in stamps for The Dennison Soap and Sealing Wax packet containing full instructions on this new and interesting method of modeling and coloring soap. It includes patterns for tracing, guides for coloring, catalogue of colors and reproductions of finished models in color.

Boy and Girl Scout leaders, playground and recreation leaders and teachers may secure these packets, in quantities of 20 or more, at 5 cents each. Use the coupon below in ordering.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

PROCTER & GAMBLE, Educational Dept.  
Cincinnati, Ohio.

I enclose.....cents in stamps.  
Please send me....."Soap and  
Sealing Wax Packets."

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

(For amounts over \$1.00 please  
send check or money-order)



## Girl Scouts!

Have Hot Meals  
Outdoors

### STERNO Double Burner Stove with Extinguisher

(Heat  
not  
included)  
**50c**

Hot meals on your outings. Make delicious coffee, crisp bacon—eggs, chops, potatoes—in a jiffy! Cooks everything, equal to a kitchen range. Light, folds flat—take it anywhere.

Fine indoors, too! Heat school lunch, make fudge, use at parties. Sold by dealers, or send 50c to Dept. 591, Sterno Corp., 9 East 37th Street, New York and receive stove postpaid. (Single Burner Stove 25c.)

The Clean, Convenient Fuel

## STERNO CANNED HEAT

Sterno is manufactured under U. S. Government  
permit for use only as a fuel



### On The Air Stand By!

When you write or draw for The Beholder or other pages of the magazine, won't you please keep a copy for yourself? We receive so many contributions that we cannot return them. Your own copy will solve your problem and ours.

## Raquel of the Ranch Country

(Continued from page 14)

of soldiers rode back and forth across the outskirts all day.

She was hungry and thought thankfully of the lunches she had providently packed in both Georgie's and her own saddle bags the afternoon before. Her saddle bag now looked curiously lumpy. "Mom's sterno," she thought ruefully. But investigation brought to light some delicacies which Georgie had evidently filched from the party the night before—delicious loaves of brown cane sugar and sweet native cakes.

As soon as it grew dark she crept into town afoot and ventured upon the streets. Not a soul was abroad. The soldiers had the occupants thoroughly well scared, and Raquel was roughly ordered to get back into the house when she peered from the shadow of a sheltering doorway.

So she had to retire within a strange house, climb over a wall, and make her way through dark lanes down to the spot on the riverbank where she had left Paintbrush tethered. And there she spent the night.

And so it was every day, hiding by day, hunting by night. Finally on the fourth day the Carrancistas left Moctezuma, and that night she slipped into town to make a thorough search for Georgie. First to the priest's house, of course. The housekeeper was irate at being roused after dark.

What, a miserable child! Yes, one had hung around there for a few days, three days, but she had sent it away. An ugly little girl in a gingham dress.

Well, Georgie wasn't held by her *teniente* then. Somewhat relieved, Raquel gave the woman a piece of money that made her gasp, and a note for the child should she come back. "He," Raquel amended, confiding that it was really a boy.

Hardly knowing what to do next she found her way to the Hotel Moctezuma, and under its flower-hung balconies found rest for the night. While she waited for the man servant to carry water up to her room she inquired from the *moso* in a low voice if he had seen anything the last few days of a boy of twelve—a *guero*, a blonde, with front teeth wide apart.

At that description the man started involuntarily. Yes, such a lad had been at the hotel last night and had been attached as orderly for the officers and soldiers. The lad had inquired of him, old Pacifico, where a *Rancho Escondido* was. He had never heard of such a place. And the soldiers had departed that day, taking the boy with them.

Raquel went to bed trembling with relief. Sleep came at once, but she woke before dawn. There was a plentiful breakfast served on a white cloth by candlelight, and then she was off.

Ahead of her lay seventy-five miles before she could reach the Ranch of the Desert, their hidden rendezvous. Late the next afternoon the road brought her up to one of those ruined houses that lay in the wake of soldiers, dotting the revolution-ridden land. The whole front

of the dwelling had been torn away. There it stood, its poor mutilated interior still adorned with framed pictures, a cupboard still standing in the corner, a table in the center of the floor.

On the other side of the house she found the remnants of a family living in what remained of the house.

"*Entra, entra—come in,*" an old crone cooking over a little fire in a corner called hospitably.

"Could I perhaps get something to eat, and rest here to-night?" Raquel asked wearily.

The old woman looked up at the lad, dressed like a peon in his denim *pantalones*, in the *teguas* of the mountaineer. With the despatch of the ever-ready bean pot she set a plate of food before Raquel, talking to her while she ate.

*El Rancho Escondido?* the old woman replied to Raquel's questioning. But, yes, she knew the way. Once she had gone there, years ago, when she lived in Nacozari as a servant to the *padrona*. Above the place where the houses of the American superintendents had since been built, the *muchacho* would see a fair road leading east over the hills. Follow it across the sand dunes and ford the stream. "But be careful of quicksands," she warned. "A desert of sand dunes lies beyond, with not a palmetto, not a cactus on it, unlike most of our Mexican deserts. Go straight across it," she continued, "a few miles only. Keep the trees of the river at your back and two dark dunes ahead for a guide. Over the last dune *El Escondido* spreads before you, a paradise, as well you know if you have been there.

"You are fatigued," added the old woman. "Spread your blanket in that corner."

Raquel slept, grateful in the thought that Georgie was ahead of her rather than behind—Georgie who, had she but known it, had been robbed of his horse by the soldiers and who had been terribly frightened alone in Moctezuma before the officers took him on as orderly.

But Raquel had not known how hopeless Georgie felt, nor that, even now, he was worrying about how he could evade the army and meet her again at *El Escondido*. She slept late, and it was nearly noon when Paintbrush trotted quickly up the rocky bit of road that led through the narrow defile into Nacozari. Across the valley the great works of the Nacozari Mining Company lay idle. There was not a sign of life about.

The gay little plaza, washed green with the rainy season, was deserted, but the torn grass and the debris littering the place showed that an army had bivouacked there. The doors of the hotel were closed and locked; the gates barred. Raquel swung past the fountain and turned up the hill on which the officials of the company had built their residences. It looked like a California suburb on the hill—pretty bungalows, tennis courts, a rudimentary golf course. There were groves of citrus fruits.

Raquel dismounted, took off Paint-  
(Continued on page 38)

There's a new idea for you in October's magazine—making bookplates—



## *The Girl Who Cares For Her Own Room*

**A** GIRL'S own room tells a fairly accurate story about the girl herself. It needn't be an elaborate room—most girls' rooms aren't. But if it looks clean and neat and inviting, if it is kept in exquisite order by the girl herself, if clothes are all in place and the dresser tidy, you can know that the girl whose room it is has the instincts of a true home-maker.

It doesn't take long to pick up your clothes in the morning—to set the dresser things to rights. And it takes but a moment to run over the rug with a Hoover.

But just that brief use of the Hoover will help you learn, not only habits of order, but the knowledge that every girl should have, of what constitutes real cleanliness in floor coverings.

Some day you may be buying a Hoover for your own home. And then you'll be glad you know that "Positive Agitation" means deeper, faster, swifter cleaning of rugs and carpets.

**The HOOVER**  
*It BEATS ... as it Sweeps as it Cleans*

THE HOOVER COMPANY  
NORTH CANTON, OHIO

*Mabel Reagh Hutchins and Ilonka Karasz will tell you all about how*

## The Finishing Touch to the Uniform —the Neckerchief



HOW that touch of gay color does relieve the khaki! Green, purple, dark blue, light blue, cardinal or yellow, also black, tied in a neat four-in-hand and set off with the golden trefail pinned in the knot, a Girl Scout is truly uniformed.

Our neckerchiefs are of best mercerized cotton, embroidered with the trefail seal. Only 45c.

Girl Scout Official Neckerchief  
Made by

**STANTON BROS.**  
NEW YORK

This neckerchief is on sale at Girl Scout  
Equipment Headquarters, New York

KNOW EARN WEAR  
Girl Scout Merit Badges



Cook—Symbol Gridiron

### Show Your Badge!

Girl Scout Badges add immeasurably to the beauty and distinction of your uniform. Wear them! Let your friends be proud of the honors you have won.

Girl Scout Badges are beautifully designed—and beautifully made by the largest makers of embroidered emblems in the world.

Manufactured by  
**Lion Brothers Co., Inc.**  
Baltimore, Maryland

Sold only through  
Girl Scout National Equipment  
Headquarters New York

12 Doz. \$3.25

6 Doz. \$2.25

9 Doz. \$2.25

3 Doz. \$1.25

### Cash's Names

*Woven on Fine Cambric Tape*

**JOSEPH LYONS**

*They save laundry losses at home, school, traveling.*

*A Mark of Individuality*  
Order from your Dealer or write!

**J. & J. Cash, Inc.**  
37th Street  
So. Norwalk, Conn.

## Raquel of the Ranch Country

(Continued from page 36)

brush's saddle and blanket, so that he could roll on the grass, and then stretched herself beneath the trees. Here she slept—and dreamed that she heard some one crying pitifully, in a heartbroken way.

The drip, drip of water from near one of the houses broke the stillness. Raquel stepped quietly over to where a pipe and faucet rose from the grass near a balcony. As she laid a hand upon the faucet a door on the balcony before her opened and a slight girlish figure stepped out.

Speechless with amazement, they stood face to face for a moment, the girl on the balcony wavering slightly back and forth. Then with a moan she tottered and fell forward. Raquel pulled open the screen door with a quick movement and reached the girl and caught her before she could fall to the floor.

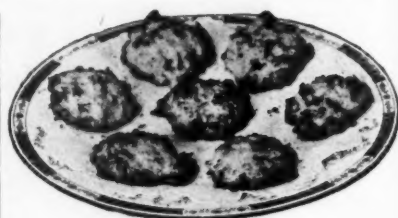
### What has happened so far in this story

Raquel Daniels, who has lived always on a cattle-ranch in the Southwest, finds the girls at The Towers, fashionable Eastern finishing school, unfriendly to her. It is partly due to her snubbing by Lois Wainwright, a leader among the girls. So when she receives a telegram from her father saying that he and the boys have enlisted and that she must come home to the ranch, Raquel is glad of the chance to leave. Lois goes at the same time, in response to a message from Mr. Wainwright, who is ill.

Raquel returns again to the Lazy L Ranch and dauntlessly undertakes the job of raising cattle to sell to the government. She plans a trip into Mexico when it is necessary to buy more cattle. She travels dressed as a boy.

When Raquel and her fourteen-year-old brother, Georgie, mount their horses after a long train ride to the Mexican side of the border, they turn their faces toward the desert and the ranch of Don Martin Amador, who, they have heard, has thousands of head of cattle to sell. But they find that A. B. Meyers, their father's enemy and rival, has arrived ahead of them and is already on the way to the states with the cattle. On the advice of Don Martin, however, they decide instead to go to *El Escondido*, The Hidden Ranch, and buy. There Don Nestar, a delightful old grandee, promises to sell them thousands of his cattle which are grazing in the hills. But before the transaction is completed, bandits raid the ranch and Georgie and Raquel are forced to flee. They ride into the vast loneliness of the desert, where they lose their way and suffer from hunger and thirst until an old woman whom they run across takes pity on them and feeds them. She tells them to hide from revolutionists in a deserted mine.

Who is the pale-faced girl? You will be surprised when you read the final installment next month. More adventures and a thrilling ride to *El Escondido*, told by an author who herself had a ride no less thrilling.



## Cocoanut Cookies to pack for Lunch

¼ cup shortening  
½ cup sugar  
1 egg  
½ teaspoon lemon juice or extract  
½ cup milk  
1 ½ cups flour  
3 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder  
½ teaspoon salt  
2 cups fresh or moist grated cocoanut

Cream shortening; add sugar, beaten egg and lemon; mix in milk slowly; add flour, baking powder and salt which have been sifted together; add cocoanut. The batter should be quite stiff. Drop by small spoonfuls on greased pan. Do not smooth over, but allow space for spreading. Bake in moderate oven (375° F) 15 to 20 minutes. Makes 3 dozen small cookies.

ON nearly every hike there comes a time when good food over-balances the finest scenery in interest.

Then to set forth crisp delicious cookies from your lunch kit will certainly call down gratitude and admiration.

In Cocoanut Cookies as in all other baking, thrifty Girl Scouts find that Royal Baking Powder gives the best results. It can always be counted on to leaven perfectly without the faintest trace of bitterness.



The Cream of Tartar Baking Powder. Contains no alum; leaves no bitter taste.

Send your recipes now to the Outdoor Cooking Contest! Yours may be best



## Miriam Drives The Car

(Continued from page 11)

scene of the accident they found only a note in Anne's handwriting pinned to a tree, saying, "Have gone back to camp."

"What ever made them do that?" Miriam asked.

"Well, you've a doctor at camp, haven't you? And another doctor coming this afternoon from Albany? That's two more than the village has!" Mr. Whitney assured her. "Guess I'll have to drive you way out there and see what's happened. Leastways I will have to unless I want to walk back, for those two cars I was counting on have disappeared."

When at last they reached the camp a group of younger girls ran out to meet them and climbed on the running board in their eagerness to be first to tell Miriam the news.

"What do you think, Miriam? Whom do you suppose you saved? Guess you'll get the Carnegie medal for this rescue, Mirrie!"

Mr. Whitney stopped the car. "Spill it, kids," he said, "she's had excitement enough for one day."

"It was Miss Evans' mother and sister come up to surprise her, Miriam, and you and Anne saved their lives. I heard her mother tell Miss Evans that you were the bravest and most resourceful girls she'd ever seen."

"How's Sally?" asked Miriam, interrupting them.

"Oh, Sally," said the foremost girl, in whose interest Sally had been quite superseded by the new excitement. "Sally's some better. Her temperature has gone down two degrees. Dr. Rand says maybe she didn't need the other doctor."

"Miss Evans says she's mighty glad they did send for another doctor," a second girl interrupted. "If they hadn't there'd have been no one to rescue her mother and sister when they fell into the river!"

Just then the car, which had been proceeding slowly because of the girls crowded on the running boards, drew up at the camp and Miriam soon found herself enveloped in a dozen arms as the whole camp swarmed about her. She saw at a short distance Miss Evans and her mother and, in a chair on the veranda, the girl with the bandaged head. Miss Evans quickly drew her from the car and said before all the other girls "I'm very proud of you, Miriam. We all are."

"But it was really Anne," Miriam answered blushing. "She was my balance wheel. I'd have lost my head without her."



# Try This at Home



**C**AN you touch the wall with the back of your head, shoulders, hips, calves of your legs and heels, and hold this position as you walk away from the wall?

Or grasp the two knobs of a door and make every inch of your spine touch the edge of the door?

Or touch the wall only with chest and toes, then step back and hold your body in the same position?

Now stand naturally and ask some candid member of the family whether or not you stand correctly with head up, chin in, back straight, shoulders flat, abdomen in, weight on the balls of your feet.

**W**HY stand straight? For better appearance? For added poise and dignity? For self-confidence and courage? All of these—but, most of all, because a straight body, carried correctly, gives one better health and added strength. It frequently corrects physical troubles that no amount of medicine will cure.

Much of your nervousness, your fatigue, your headaches and backaches, your "rheumatic" pains and the possible poisoning from intestinal sluggishness, often may be traced to faulty posture.

Your heart, lungs, stomach, kidneys, liver—working machinery of the body—are meant to be free and uncrowded.

When you "stand tall" and hold your spine straight, these organs have sufficient room to carry on their work.

When you slump over with rounded

shoulders or spine curved in at the waist, you squeeze the organs together. The free action of your heart is threatened. Your stomach and liver cannot do their work so well. The kidneys may be forced out of place. Your blood cannot circulate so freely—some parts of your body may get too little blood, others too much.

When your chest is contracted your lungs cannot expand. Shallow breathing starves your blood for the life-giving oxygen which every part of your body must have.

It is not necessary to have a perfect figure to stand or sit properly. But a perfect body can be ruined by bad posture.

Progressive Boards of Education, all over the country, recognize that pupils must sit properly during study hours. Curvature of the spine is sometimes caused by desks and chairs which do not permit the child to sit straight.

In the Home Office of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company striking physical improvement among our employees has been brought about by our Director of

Posture. Bent bodies have been straightened. Headaches and other ailments of obscure origin have been made to disappear.

A valuable booklet on the subject of posture has been prepared and one copy will be mailed free to each person requesting it. Send for "The Importance of Posture".

HALEY FISKE, President.

Published by  
**METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY**  
NEW YORK

Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

Your troop should be on "The American Girl" Honor Roll. Is it?





"I bought a cunning hat with Club dollars," writes Miss Dorcas Shabler.

## Do You Need Money Now?

**T**HE longer Betty looked at the figures, the bigger and blacker they seemed. Why, they were actually scowling at her!

... \$9.50.

Class dues . . . expense money for a basket ball game and a smart new hat . . . she felt that not one single item in her list of needs could be crossed out. *But where was the money coming from?*

The shadow of a tiny frown crept over her forehead, for Betty was just such a jolly, fun-loving girl as you are, and as eager for schoolgirl good times and attractive clothes. How she hated to go without them!

But she didn't have to, for later—that very night—she read just such a page as this. And it wasn't very long before those scowling figures seemed to be smiling up at her. Then she wrote me the glad news:

"Before I knew it, after I joined the Girls' Club, I had enough for my fees and clothes and some left over to spend as I pleased. So you see I have lots to thank the Club for."

Other joyous stories are reaching me too: Elizabeth Kitson says: "When I paid for my coat, I felt so proud and independent. I also bought school books with some of my money."

And Effie Holsinger tells me: "My first afternoon's work brought me \$5.00. I never had a pair of shoes that I liked better. Since then, Club money has bought most of my clothes."

How many of you are adding up figures and wondering how you're going to get the dollars in the totals? School time is here again and lots of parties and fall picnics are coming soon. Do you hate to "ask" for those extra dollars to buy dainty, frivolous things and to spend for good times?

### Come Join Us

Then come join our happy Girls' Club where you can quickly earn \$1.00 or \$5.00 in your spare hours. And plenty of fun and lovely clothes will be yours before you know it.

I'll be so glad if you'll write me a note sending your name and address—then I can tell you all about our plan. There are no dues or obligations. Address

*Manager of the Girls' Club*

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL  
1048 INDEPENDENCE SQUARE  
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

## I Went To Camp Macy

(Continued from page 23)

9 o'clock.

Still pouring. I had a fine supper in the most beautiful building I ever saw. I do believe it's handsomer than the Shriners' Hall at home. It's all stone and has two fireplaces big enough to stand in, one at either end. It's lighted with candles, and gives you that feeling that you have in church. I got lost walking up here and would have had to rely on the robins for a blanket if Mr. Rippin hadn't seen my flashlight way off the track and come after me. He built this camp and he is some builder.

Next noon.

Still raining. Miss Becker and I had breakfast in Great Hall and I found out a lot of things. The girls are coming today, in time for dinner. We have what is called "troop management course" in the morning and in the afternoon you can choose what you are going to take, swimming, country dancing, or nature study. I made up my mind, right away, that I would take them all. As long as the leaders sent me, they'll want me to get all I can. It's foolish to choose. Miss Becker said I had better not try everything. So I'm going to take everything without saying a word to her.

9 P. M.

The gang is here. They seemed about a million when we all got into the great hall for dinner. The girls in my tent are great even though one named Meg something is a little high-hat. When I said I'd gotten here yesterday, you ought to have heard the way she said, "Couldn't you read your folder?" I spoke right up and said, "Yes, I could read my folder, but my Leaders' Association sent me, and they wanted me to come early and look around." So she said, "You didn't learn much, did you?" and I wanted to say, "Mind your business" but I remembered that I'd come up to learn and not waste time talking back so I just laughed and said I'd learned it was raining, and went off to the camp kitchen.

I didn't know I had to cook and I must say I was disappointed. I can cook and do cook at home. I said so, and that I was sure my Leaders' Association didn't send me up to cook and Meg spoke up and said she guessed they'd sent me up to "look around." Then I nearly did lose my temper, but Hazel took me off to get wood and talked to me about the training and all this being a part of the game of Girl Scouting.

Next morning.

I have only a minute to write before the course begins, to say—I have to be honest in this book—I'm in all wrong with this crowd and I don't know why. You've got to be pretty good-natured to get along here—I can see that—and the things I say don't seem to go very well. I was awfully cold last night, and I nearly froze going up to wash in my crêpe wrapper. I noticed all the girls had on flannel nighties or pajamas. So I guess I'll get out the ones mother made me,

after all. I don't want them to think I'm any different or have better things than the others have. This cooking is fierce, but someone said we were going to take turns.

Three days later.

I haven't had time to write, I've been so busy and I've learned a lot. I'm going to tell the truth in this diary. I've found out why I wasn't going down well with these girls. It was the fool way I was acting and talking. For instance, I said I was going to take all three things in the afternoon! That my Leaders' Association wanted me to get all I could. Well! Hazel got me out of the mess that remark got me into! I did have an awful time making up my mind which to take. Mrs. Rippin was fine, she helped me a lot, telling me I could learn to swim in the summer, at home or in a pool (of course she didn't know there wasn't such a thing within ten miles of Beeville, but she meant well) and I can do country dancing every evening before camp fire and pick up a lot if I pay attention. So I'm taking nature and I certainly do love it. Dr. Cady is fine and I know I can teach it when I get home.

I think I'm beginning to see why we cook our meals and I wish I had done less talking about that, too. Today Meg and I had the nicest talk while we were washing up. We got real close together over that soapy water. I think she understands me better and I know I understand her better.

I'm writing this sitting on the porch of the troop house. I can look through the trees across to where the Camp Andrée flag is flying and I can see little glimpses of the lake. It's beautiful. I wish all my troop could see it. Maybe we can raise enough money next year to send one or two of them to Andrée.

Next day.

I was awfully proud today. Our patrol got a special mention for a nature game that my troop made up last summer. The patrol wanted me to tell the rest of the troop that my girls in Beeville had invented the game, but I wouldn't. There's been enough talk about Beeville.

Monday.

I never knew there were such Sundays in the world as we have up here. I was on the color guard this morning. The apple trees are all in bloom and it is too pretty at the flag-staff. After lunch four of us went on a hike and had the best time exploring the woods, making notes of all the things we saw, but best of all was Scouts' Own in the Cathedral. That's what they call a natural clearing with big trees all around it and the campfire in the middle. The Pioneers put on a little program, all about knights and crusaders. They had such lovely clothes and colored banners; I did wish my troop could have seen it. I mean to try it in the woods at home.

Two days later.

Tomorrow we go home. In one way I'm dying to get there and tell all about

"Gertrude Hawley—She Plays Tennis!" is an article you'll want to read—

it and in another way I'm sick it is over. I've been looking through my note-book. I've got notes enough to sink a ship. I've tried to put down everything, and if I can only read them, it will be all right! I've just passed my tenderfoot test. I wanted to do it up here and be invested at camp fire tonight. It was all right the way we did it at home, because we had no other way but to pass each other, but I thought I'd do it again. I only hope I don't burst into tears when Mrs. Rippin pins on my pin. Of course I've worn one for a long while, but it's going to have a special meaning, now.

There is so much more to Girl Scouting than I ever supposed. I realize that we weren't doing it just right at home. It is going to be fun and yet a serious business, too, making it over. I really never did quite get this patrol system and the way to work the Court of Honor. I've been bossing things too much. From now on yours truly is going to take a back seat and "let George do it."

The sun is just setting. I can hear the girls singing, off in the distance, and in a minute I'm going to cook supper.

The man who gave this place for us Girl Scout leaders to come to will never know what he has done for just one green one from a spot he'll never see, who won't ever forget him as long as she lives.

### Why not surprise your Captain

Is your Captain going to our Girl Scout Convention to be held this fall in New York City? September twenty-eight to October first are the dates and you've no idea how much those days are going to hold. If your Captain comes, she will be able to talk with Dean Arnold and Mrs. Hoover and the other members of our Girl Scout National Board. She will get acquainted with Mrs. Rippin and all the others from National Headquarters. She will find so many new ideas for your troop that every one of your troop meetings will be lots more fun—and better Girl Scouting, too—because she went.

Then there is the training course for Girl Scout leaders—to be held at Camp Edith Macy from September fifteenth to September twenty-seventh. The leader who wrote this couldn't begin to tell, in one short diary, all the fascinating things with which each day in our leaders' camp is filled.

And there is something else—National Headquarters! Haven't you been wishing you could peek into Mrs. Rippin's lovely office or run into the very place where THE AMERICAN GIRL is made? Your Captain can do it—and tell you all about it, if she comes to Convention.

Yes, tell your Captain not to miss our Girl Scout Convention and Camp Edith Macy and National Headquarters if she can possibly help it. And, h-s-s-s-s-t!—how about surprising her with the trip, or part of it? Of course you may live so far away from New York that a ticket costs staggeringly much. But then again, you may have enough in the treasury this minute to cover the expense. The Girl Scout Leader will tell you all about how much it will cost. Borrow your Captain's and find out. A surprise for your leader—like the one in this diary. Think it over!

When summer ends  
and school begins  
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## Books for Camp and Trail

By MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

*The Reader's Guide, Saturday Review of Literature*

I am using the top of the column to-day for a small book whose very cover is inspiring: blue paper, color of high, bright sky, four girls in silhouette (and in knickerbockers) following a mountain path, and the title—ah, you have guessed it—*Tramping and Trailing with the Girl Scouts* (Girl Scouts, Inc.). Yes, it is your own book: it came to me along with a little manual called *The Lone Girl Scout Trailmaker*, written to help a girl who lives off in the country and cannot join a patrol, but who would like to be a real Girl Scout by herself. But the tramping book goes to my heart, as you must know if you are kind enough to recall the article on "tramping with a daughter" that I wrote for you last fall. In this little guide-book of yours every interest and activity of walking by one's self or in troops has been provided for and explained rapidly and plainly: I know more about these matters than some literary critics of my age, and by the time you are reading this I expect to be using it to check up on my preparations for a Green Mountain tramp. Why, this charming book even introduces one of its chapters with a quotation from *The Wind in the Willows*, the one where the Rat gives his notion of a proper picnic lunch—and my notion of a proper adviser for girls is one who knows *The Wind in the Willows* well enough to quote from it on any outdoor occasion.

I have not been doing my duty by stories lately; the books on making and doing have been too interesting. Here is a Western story, *Cowboy Hugh*, by Walter Nichols (Macmillan) so much better than a grown-up cowboy novel that I studied to discover why and decided that it was because it was not complicated by a love-story. Love-stories are fine, but when one gets into a Wild West novel it is like spilling a bottle of muck into it. Girls will get as much from *Cowboy Hugh* as the boys for whom I suppose it is intended. *The Honor Girl*, by Marcia Macdonald (Lippincott), begins with a school-entertainment at which the class celebrity distinguishes herself in so many ways that you wonder, as you sometimes do on such occasions, if there are any worlds left for her to conquer. But life is waiting to set some stiff tasks for Elsie, and before the book is over she has come through

some examinations in hard work and hard knocks. Did you ever read *Dr. Tam O'Shanter*, by Mabel L. Robinson (Dutton)? It is one of the best dog-stories we have. She has just written another dog book that I think is just as good; *Sarah's Dakin* (Dutton), about a thirteen-year-old and her collie, up in Maine. I cannot spoil this for you by telling you all that it is about, for the charm of a really good dog story is that it just gives you a real dog, his ways and adventures, day by day; there is a dog-show, a burglar, a harmonica and a boy who raises pigs—if you do not see by this that there is a varied program, I will add that Sarah is a fine girl and Dakin an enterprising dog, and that though he has a sick spell partway through the book, he soon recovers and is in the best of health on the last page; I would not take the responsibility of telling you to read a book in which a dog dies.

Did you read *The Plucky Allens*, by Clara Pierson (Dutton)? It was a story with the sort of spirit that makes *Little Women* and *Five Little Peppers* memorable; I mean the spirit that makes an adventure out of what some people would call poverty. Now comes *The Allens and Aunt Hannah*, by Clara Pierson (Dutton), with the same energetic family and their aunt who took them in when their parents died. What sort of woman she is you may gather from her saying to one of the boys, "I've noticed it isn't a good idea to mess up one's mind with wondering about other jobs when there is one to be done right off. It isn't good for any of them. It's some like putting the ice-cream that was to have been the wind-up of your dinner, right on the plate with your beefsteak and fried onions." They have various enterprises and excitements, of which the best is the establishment of a "monthly newspaper"; I had one like this so, no doubt, had you, only mine was weekly and called—for reasons of locality—*The Barne Tribune*. One reason why I like this book is that there is no mysterious millionaire to drop out of the sky and raise the family to affluence overnight.

There is a new book that I wish the older girls would read, called *Rustle of Spring*, by Clare Cameron (Doran), that describes a girl's life in what anyone would call at least straightened circum-

*To speak well is as important as to dress well—*

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stances, not in a slum but in an even less picturesque district on the outskirts of London, where poor people live. There is nothing in the book to tell you that the author is now the wife of Thomas Burke, the famous author of the Limehouse stories, but I may tell you so, and that this autobiography of hers, though not so thrilling as her husband's *The Wind and the Rain* (Doran), is in its own way as valuable. It makes you friends with a young spirit in process of development, shows you the longing for beauty in commonplace surroundings, and makes you feel the honest joys as well as the hardships of a workingman's home, when people in it are kind.

Before the camping season is over you should know about *Open Air Plays*, five one-act comedies by Harold Brighouse, a well-known English dramatist, published here in one volume (French). They have sparkling dialogue and fantastic situations—one is about a princess who does everything rationally, even to fighting a dragon with a firehose instead of a sword, which the neighboring princes think unsportsmanlike. There is practically no scenery, and dances and songs may be easily introduced. Another book that should be in a camp library is a new guide called *What Tree is That?*, by E. G. Cheyney (Appleton); it will be ready for autumn expeditions. It is for people who know no botany but who love the trees and would like to call them by name. There are outline drawings that are almost diagrams, they are so plain and clear for purposes of identification, and though the book will not take the place of the larger manuals, it will be used often when these would be more complicated than the beginner requires. The author is known for his *Scott Burton* stories, in which a young forester goes through many adventures in the woods, involving logging, running down timber thieves, and other activities of the forest.

Another timely book is Janet Hill's *Canning, Preserving and Jelly Making* (Little, Brown). I know half a dozen women in the suburbs who are going to be glad I told them about this book. If there is anything in the garden or the market that can be successfully put into a can and taken out as good as it went in, you will find it described in this book, with full directions and with photographs wherever they make the explanations more clear. I shall have to give this book away; I live in an apartment in New York where cooking is not permitted, and in the fall when the canning fever seizes me it is bad enough anyway, without having this beautiful volume under my nose to tempt me.

Now to round off the record, here is a book with a survey of our literature. There are plenty of histories of this sort for older readers, and of course a number for school use by younger ones as text-books, but there are few that a young person would read straight through for enjoyment. Such is *The Story of American Literature*, by Algernon Tassin and A. B. Maurice (Macmillan). It is told as if talking; the record runs from Captain John Smith to the present day, and the authors are introduced as vivid personalities.

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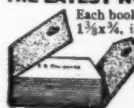
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## The Funniest Thing

### That Happened at Camp

What was it?

Whether it was something you did or something you saw, write THE AMERICAN GIRL about it. You may see it in the magazine on the next camp pages, with your name and troop number printed underneath.

Hazel Rawson Cades, returning to us next month, tells why

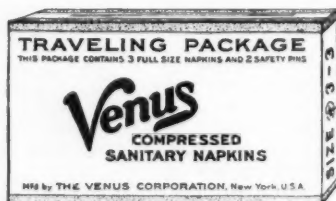


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## Have You a Snapshot of Juliette Low?



If you have, won't you send a copy of it at once to Helen Ferris at the office of THE AMERICAN GIRL? For we are going to publish a book in memory of our Girl Scout Founder, and we want to have many pictures of her in it—pictures of her on visits to the Girl Scouts in different parts of the country, in Girl Scout camps—in fact, any at all which you may have.

We will gladly return your picture if you have no extra copy. And you will help greatly in making this book for all the Girl Scouts, if you will send what you have at once to

Helen Ferris  
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Laugh and Grow Scout

## The Funniest Joke I Have Heard This Month

### One Better

"London," said Jones, "is certainly the foggiest place in the world."

"Oh, no, it's not," said Smith. "I've been in a place much foggier than London."

"Where was that?"

"I don't know where it was," replied Smith, "it was so foggy."

Sent to "Laugh and Grow Scout" by WANDA YAHR, West Bend, Wisconsin.

Send THE AMERICAN GIRL your funniest joke, telling us your name, age, and address. A book will be awarded to every girl whose joke is published in this space.



### Sensitive!

FIRST SCOUT: Why don't you send in your jokes to Helen Ferris?

SECOND SCOUT: Oh, what's the use? She'll only laugh at them.  
—Sent by MARIE EDGUMBE, Roselle Park, New Jersey.

### A Descriptive Hymn

VISITOR: (to small girl hugging a large teddy bear whose button eyes convey the impression of a pronounced squint) Well, little girl, what do you call your nice new bear?

SMALL GIRL: His name is "Gladly," same as the one in the hymn.

VISITOR: What on earth are you talking about child? Which hymn?

SMALL GIRL: You know. The one that says, "Gladly, my cross-eyed bear." (Gladly my cross I'd bear.)—Sent by ESTHER NEEDELS, Topeka, Kansas.



### Safety First

MRS. CASEY: Me sister writes me that every glass of jelly in that box we sent her was spilled. Are ye sure yez printed "This side up with care" on it?

CASEY: "Oi am. An' for fear they shouldn't see it on the top, oi printed it on the bottom as well."—Sent by VIRGINIA KRUGER, Wahoo, Nebraska.

Don't forget—"The American Girl" wants camp news and camp snapshots—



## Make It Yourself

(Continued from page 28)

Behold! a princess slip that will be the envy of all the other girls.

### The Nightgown

And last of all, comes the nightgown, made all in one piece with a yoke to hold in the fullness and give a little effect of a sleeve. To cut the nightgown, make a double fold of the material fifty inches long. The fold should come at the top of the shoulder, so there need be no shoulder seam. Six inches down from the shoulder fold, cut a slit that forms the bottom of the yoke. This slit should be thirteen inches long on each side, which will leave an eight inch center panel front and back, just like the little center panel in the slip. Then from each side of this shoulder yoke, cut off an eight inch wide strip of material. This will leave the center yoke eighteen inches wide. The neck should be just the width of the front panel, that is, eight inches, and it should be cut one inch deep in the back and three inches deep in front. Cutting the neck lower in front than behind makes the nightgown fit much better. And now we are ready to sew it up. Sew the side seams the entire length to within about three inches of the edge of the yoke. From there up it should be open to give plenty of room for the arm. Baste in a two inch hem at the bottom of the gown. (This may be changed if it is not right when you try the nightgown on later). Bind the neck with the peach-colored bias tape, making sure that your corners are very neat and square. This will come with a little practice. Bind your yoke all around the edges up to where it meets the front panel and finish these ends carefully. This time use a decoration of three flowers—a peach-colored one in the middle and a blue one on each side,

putting them directly in the middle of the front of the gown. Then gather the sides of the gown about one-quarter inch from the top edge and slip up under the binding of the yoke so that the gathers on each side come about one inch from the corner of the yoke when finished. Adjust the gathers evenly and sew them in tightly, overcasting the raw edges on the inside. And there is the nightgown.

You will be surprised at the number and variety of dainty things that you can make, using only these four models. Do write and tell us what you have made!

For the benefit of those who did not see last month's article here is what you will need to purchase for the four garments:

7 yards of pongee @ 54c per yard.....	\$3.78
1 yard of elastic @ 10c.....	.10
3 pieces of peach-colored bias tape @ 28c.....	.84
1 piece of light blue bias tape @ 28c.....	.28
	\$5.00

The cunning little peach and blue flowers are made of bias tape one-half inch wide. In order to make each little square, cut a piece of tape one inch long, turn under one-quarter inch at each end which will give you a half-inch square. Put a few basting stitches through the squares to keep them in shape, until you finish sewing them on. With the three squares, make a little arrow shaped flower, putting each piece on diamond-wise and leaving about one-eighth inch between the squares. To make the stem, fold over the bias tape double, making it one-quarter inch wide. Cut it two and one-half inches long, turning under one-quarter inch at each end. Arrange the flowers as in the diagram.

## Your Backhand Drive

(Continued from page 15)

racquet are so closely interwoven in the action of the stroke, and are so important to each other, that they should be described together.

In making the backhand drive, first put your weight on your right foot, the one nearest the net, because the body is in a sidewise standing position, and hold your racquet in a relaxed position. Then bring the racquet back in a full circular swing on the left side of the body, at the same time shifting your weight onto your left foot. Then as the racquet comes forward to meet the ball, the weight shifts again to the right foot, which is still in the advanced position. In this way, at the time of impact of racquet and ball, the body is coming forward in the same direction as the racquet, and the right leg acts as a pivot upon which the whole turns.

Thus, in shifting the weight naturally in making the stroke, a united movement in one general direction results, and there is no contrary motion which is liable to upset the smoothness and continuity of the stroke.

As the racquet is brought forward and

as it hits the ball, the face of the racquet is turned forward in order to give the spin necessary to bring the ball down into the opposite court.

After the ball is hit, the racquet swings forward and upward, and the arm is stretched out. The racquet is far out from the body, and is allowed to finish the swing naturally and easily. This is called the follow-through. If the follow-through is good, stroking is always more successful. After the ball is hit, if the racquet is pulled or jerked or stopped suddenly, the resulting shot is rarely as satisfactory. Tilden, Johnston and Alonzo prove that a free follow-through is one of the factors behind fine tennis.

At the end of the stroke and the follow-through of the backhand drive, the weight of the body is on the right foot, and the left foot is free and ready to carry the player in pursuit of the next ball. The photograph shows this position.

*Helen Will's suggestions for your tennis game are appearing in THE AMERICAN GIRL through the kindness of the United Feature Syndicate, Incorporated, by whom they are copyrighted.*

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## The Bear Who Met a Porcupine

(Continued from page 21)

the back porch, smiling broadly, wiggling with delight, and in a state where he would have been wagging his tail enthusiastically if he had only had a tail to wag! He acted for all the world like some overjoyed dog or old walrus come back after a long journey away from the home of a beloved friend. The braver boys went right up by him on the porch, patting him as they passed. The timid ones went round by the other door and made up for their cowardice by handing him food out of the open window.

Then followed the hardest week those cowboys had ever spent in their lives, for they were sincerely attached to their big, clumsy but affectionate friend who was now so sorely puzzled by their apparent neglect. He trailed about after them like a misunderstood dog. He nuzzled up against the ones who had no fear, rubbing his head against their shoulders, thrusting his nose into their hands. During the day when they all went off about their work and Chink shut himself crossly into the kitchen, Bruin would wander off to his berries and roots on the mountain, but by supper time he would trot hopefully back with the bronchos and grunt longingly against the panes of the closed window as the men sat at the table.

"It sure is the dodgasted hardest proposition I ever was up against," cussed big Sandy Sam. "Just can't look him in the eyes noways."

The harder hearted ones threw stones and lassos at him and chased him when on their ponies, but they complained that he never would act "scairt-like," and "You can't chase a soft kid."

In the end his visits grew less and less frequent and apparently as he ate up all his favorite food on their part of the mountain he had to wander further along. Doubtless he puzzled often over the queer way of humans who could do him such a good turn about that porcupine business and be warm friends for a long time and then suddenly turn distant and cold and lack all fellow feeling!

Now and again on distant parts of the range one or another of the boys would report meeting him. "Saw that ol' black b'ar of ourn over in the blue pine canon this mornin'," Sam would report at dinner one day. "I was sittin' still on Pinto looking up the dry slope to see if any steers was movin' on the edge of the timber, an' here he come joggin' outen the brush not a hundred yards away. He recognized me straight off an' started right for me. But darned if I could stay and look him in the eyes! I was so 'shamed of ourselves that I jest pretended not to see him an' sent Pinto scurryin' up over the hill to the timber. Poor ol' cuss! Weren't we a lot o' varmints not to pass the hat and buy his ol' butcher meat ourselves!"

"Oh, I dunno," replied restless young Spurt with the quick black eyes, "he's prob'ly a lot better off roamin' free-like round them mountains."

And that is the argument that will live as long as any two of the outfit are left on the same ranch.

## Ways To Earn Money for Your Troop

Send for  
**CHRISTMAS  
CARDS to SELL**

### \$32.00 EASILY EARNED

On order of Captain we will send any group as many boxed assortments of die-stamped Christmas Cards as you can sell 21 for \$1.00 and allow you until Jan. 1st to remit. 25% commission on all orders and bonus on \$100.00, giving profit of \$32.00. Prepaid East of the Mississippi. For samples and further information address

**MERRILL MAX MILLER**  
Newport, Vermont

## Sell 5c Candy Bars

Write for

**Proven Money-Raising Plan**  
for Girl Scout troops, Schools, Classes, Churches, Clubs, Societies, etc.

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Write for 50 Sets St. Nicholas Christmas Seals. Sell for 10¢ a set. When sold send us \$3.00 and keep \$2.00. No Work—Just Fun.

**BOYS & GIRLS \$2.00 Given** NO WORK JUST FUN  
Simply sell 50 Sets of Our Famous Christmas Seals for 10¢ a set. When sold send us \$3.00 and keep \$2.00. We trust you until Christmas.  
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Classes in rhythmic and dramatic dancing—Develops girls physically and musically—For information apply

**Miss Marguerite Hirth**  
Ineslay Studio of the Dance  
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## MISS HARRIS' FLORIDA SCHOOL

Under Northern Management. For the Northern Girl who needs abundant outdoor life, a flood of sunshine, and stimulating ocean breezes all winter long. Northern Faculty. Intimate Home Influences. Successful Preparation for Leading Northern Colleges. Illustrated catalog.

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Norton, Mass. 30 miles from Boston. The Junior School of House in the Pines. For girls under 15. Athletic field. Horseback riding. Swimming. A wholesome life of study and play.

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KINDERGARTEN-PRIMARY TRAINING SCHOOL  
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University Credit. Students enrolled for September and February. Exceptional residence facilities. Miss Harriette Melissa Mills, Principal, 66 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

"Soup of the evening, beautiful soup," sang the Mock Turtle in "Alice in Wonderland"—



## Home from Camp?

AND two or three weeks before school begins—two or three weeks in which to plan for the winter. Why not use the time to earn some of the things you will want so badly? It's very easy. Secure subscriptions for the AMERICAN GIRL from your schoolmates.

Below is a list of things you may want and the number of AMERICAN GIRL subscriptions needed to earn each.

### Our Premium List

Article	1 Yr.	2 Yrs.
Stationery	1	1
Midget Pin	1	1
Song Book	1	1
Aluminum Sewing Kit	1	1
Stockings	1	1
Neckerchief	1	1
Handkerchief	1	1
Whistle	1	1
G. S. Game Book	1	1
Guide Rope	1	1
Iodine Pen	1	1
Bandeaux	1	1
Knots, Hitches & Splices	1	1
Belt (web)	1	1
Scouting is Fun	1	1
Girl Guide Book of Games	1	1
First Aid Book	2	1
First Aid Kit (small)	2	1
Knife, No. 2	2	1
Handbook	2	1
Sun Watch	2	1
Compass (plain)	2	1
American Girl (1 year)	3	1
Ring (silver)	3	2
Knife, No. 1	3	2
Flag Set	3	2
Flashlight (small)	3	2
Troop Pennant	3	2
Compass (Radiolite)	3	2
Ass.	3	2
Hat	3	2
Bloomers	3	2
Knife (hunting)	3	2
Nature Project	3	2
Middy	3	2
First Aid Camp Kit	3	2
Standards for Flag Staffs	3	2
Pedometer	4	3
Tam No. 3	4	3
Ring (gold)	4	3
Flag Carrier	4	3
American Flag (2x3)	4	3
Flashlight (large)	4	3
Eagle Emblem	4	3
Knickers	4	3
Camp Kit	4	3
Haversack, No. 2	4	3
G. S. Handvacts	4	3
Girl Clubs, by Helen Ferris	4	3
Producing Amateur Entertainments, by Helen Ferris	4	3
Pack Sack	5	4
First Aid Kit (large)	5	4
Aluminum Mess Kit	5	4
Troop Flag (2x3) (Lettering extra)	5	4
Aluminum Canteen	5	4
Long Coat Suit	6	4
Girl Scout Book Ends	6	4
Duffel Bag (12x36)	6	4
Pack Basket	6	5
Poncho (45x72)	6	5
Scout Emblem	7	5
Troop Flag (2 1/2 x 4) (Lettering extra)	7	5
American Flag (3x5)	7	5
Haversack, No. 1	7	5
Archery Set (Special)	7	5
Duffel Bag (12x36)	7	5
Duffel Bag (18x36)	8	6
Short Coat Suit	8	6
Bugle	9	6
Wrist Watch	9	6
Poncho (60x80)	9	6
American Flag (4x6)	9	7
Raincoat (oil skin)	10	7
Clock (Radiolite-Midget)	10	7
Bathing Suit	10	7
Camera Kodak	11	8
Troop Flag (3x5) (Lettering extra)	11	8
Blankets	12	8
Coat Sweater	14	10
Troop Flag (4x6) (Lettering extra)	14	10

PREMIUMS which are listed for two-year subscriptions only cannot be given for one-year subscriptions. Nor can 1 two-year subscription be accepted in place of 2 one-year subscriptions. Part payments in money cannot be accepted.

Premiums cannot be allowed on your own subscriptions.

Premiums must be requested at the time the subscription order is sent.

## When Stamps Are Your Hobby

By OSBORNE B. BOND

On August 3rd two new postage stamps were placed on sale at United States post offices. They were the Vermont Sesquicentennial and the Burgoyne Campaign Commemorative stamps. Both are of two cent denomination. The Burgoyne Campaign stamp is the same shape and size as the special delivery stamp and is printed in red ink. The central design represents the surrender of General Burgoyne, and is enclosed in panels bearing the words *Fort Stanwix* at the left, *Oriskany* at the top, and *Bennington* at the right, and the word *Saratoga* beneath the design. Beneath the central vignette appear the words *Surrender of General Burgoyne*.

The Vermont Sesquicentennial stamp has been issued to commemorate the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the independence of the State of Vermont and the Battle of Bennington. This new stamp is red and is the same size and shape as the ordinary two cent stamp. The central design represents a Green Mountain boy dressed in buckskin leaning on his rifle. Across the top of the stamp in a straight line are the words 'Vermont Sesquicentennial' in small block letters, and in an arched panel supported by small ornamental brackets are the words *U. S. Postage*. In both upper corners appear the years 1777 and 1927. To the left of the central design is a loose ribbon bearing the word *Bennington*.

If any of our readers would like to secure first day covers of either of these two stamps just write a note to the editor and he will tell you how they may be obtained.

\* \* \* \*

After months of postponement Canada has finally issued a set of postage stamps to commemorate the sixtieth anniversary of Confederation. We illustrate the three cent value this month. The complete set consists of six values which are as follows:

- 1c Orange—Portrait of Sir John A. McDonald.
- 2c Green—Picture of the Fathers of Confederation.
- 3c Red—A picture of the center block of the Parliament Buildings at Ottawa.
- 5c Purple—Portrait of Sir Wilfred Laurier.
- 12c Blue—Map of the Dominion of Canada which shows how the country grew in 60 years.
- 20c Red Orange—This is a special delivery stamp. The central design shows five different stages of mail transportation.



## WORLD WIDE Surprise Packet

Cataloging over \$2.00 sent to approval applicants only for 25 cents. You'll be pleased.

RELIANCE STAMP CO.  
Auburndale Mass.

### THE ONLY 8 SIDED STAMP EVER ISSUED

a triangle stamp, the smallest stamp, the largest stamp, a stamp with gold, a stamp with silver, and a stamp made of a map. This scarce and bizarre packet for only 10c to approval of applicants.

DEKALB STAMP CO.  
59 Franklin St. Garrett, Ind.

FREE! Fenway Unused Hundred—100 different, beautiful stamps—all unused—from far-off countries, which would cost \$1.00 if purchased from approval sheets. Included are: Albania, Antiochia, Bosnia, Chad, Dahomey, Cuba, Latvia, Nyassa giraffe, etc. This fine packet absolutely free to new approval applicants enclosing 4c postage. Big lists also free—Write today.

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161 Massachusetts Ave., Boston, Mass.

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Approval sheets for beginners; booklets by countries for the more advanced. Everything for collectors, sets, packets, albums, hinges etc. A stock of 40,000 varieties to select from. Reference please.

OLD COLONY STAMP CO.  
333 Washington Street Boston, Mass.

### ANCHER'S \$\$\$ OUTFIT—ONLY 12c!

Fine triangle stamp; set German stamps with (prewar) value of forty million dollars (interesting); perforation gauge and mme. scale; small album; 1 air-mail set; scarce stamp from smallest republic on earth; 1 news-paper set; packet good stamps from Travancore, Malabar, Dutch India, etc., etc.—entire outfit for 12c. to approval applicants. Nice pocket stockbook, vol. 23c., with every order ANCHER STAMP CO., 148a Clerk Street, Jersey City, N.J.

### THE MAP PACKET

contains 10 different Map Stamps from the two Hemispheres. Also a packet of different stamps with animals, birds, ships and scenery to approval applicants, all for a dime.

S. E. SAXE 1427 N. 58th St., Philadelphia, Pa.



Fine Approval Selections at 50% to 60% off catalog. Tell us your needs. 100 different stamps free to all those requesting approvals and inclose 3c postage. Agents Wanted. Write NOW. Wineholt Stamp Co., Box 21, Woodbine, Pa.

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A special packet of 50 different United States Stamps. Postage, dues, revenues, commemoratives, etc., all for only 12c to approval applicants only.

CLEARFIELD STAMP COMPANY  
P. O. Box 88V East Liberty, Pittsburgh, Pa.

### FREE—DANDY PACKET. BIG LIST

Coupons, hinges with approvals for name. Address two collectors. 2c. postage. Special—10c. each—50 Asia Africa; 25 So. Am.; 100 Europe; 25 Fr. Col.; 25 Br. Col.; 35 U. S. A.; 20 Australia; 10 Animal; 15 Pictures; 25 Finland, etc., 300 Diff. Eleven 10c. Packets, \$1.

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500 all different stamps .35

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500 different stamps 40c; 1000, 80c; 2000, \$3.50. Largest 5 and 10c list in America.

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1000 stamps 30c. Album 60c holds 2000 stamps; diff. stamps 75c; 500, 25c; 300, 15c; 2000 \$3.75. U. S. 100 diff. 25c; 150, 50c; 100 Brit. Colonies 30c. 100 French Col. 30c. Michael, 4444D Clifton, Chicago.

Set 8 unused CENTRAL LITHUANIA, cat. 37c, free to applicants for approvals at 50% off, or better. Lists. Van's Stamp Co., Walla Walla, Wash.

BORNEO Fiji, Kenya, Yaga, etc. in our Packet of 55 different. 4c Monumental Co., 3794 Overlook Rd., Balto., Md.

STAMPS 105 China etc., 2c. Album (500 illust.) 3c. List free. Bullard, B. Bay, Dept. 29, Boston

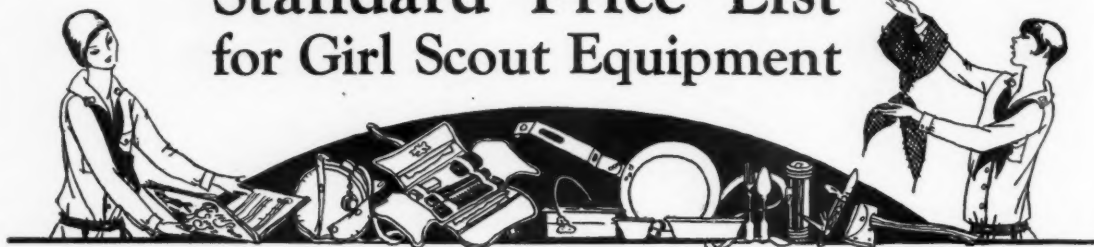
FREE 101 Diff. Peachy stamps to app. appl. Postage 2c. Johnson Stamp Co., Jamestown, N. Y.

Write for free list of Packets and Sets. Neil Grenberg, Box 5441, Philadelphia, Pa.

You'll know why he crooned so feelingly when you read October's cooking page



# Standard Price List for Girl Scout Equipment



Effective September 1st, 1927

Uniforms			Price		† Troop Pennants		Price	
Long Coat .....	Size 10-18	Price \$3.65	† Lapels—G. S., for Girl Scouts	\$0.20	Lettered with any Troop No. ....	\$1.50		
	38-44	4.15	† Patrol Leader's Chevron .....	.15	† G. S. Felt Emblems			
Short Coat Suit .....	10-18	4.70	Pins					
	38-44	5.20		Price				
Skirt .....	10-44	2.10	† Brownie .....	\$0.15	3x4 .....	35c		
Bloomers .....	10-44	1.85	† Committee .....	.75	4x5 .....	40c		
Knickers .....	10-44	2.15	† *Community Service .....	.35	6x7 .....	45c		
Middy—Official khaki .....	10-42	1.75	† *Golden Eaglet .....	1.50	7x10 .....	55c		
Norfolk Suit—Officer's			† Lapels—G. S.—Bronze .....	.50	Signal Flags			
Khaki, lightweight	32-44	8.00	† Girl Scout Pins		Flag Set complete .....	\$0.75		
Serge .....	32-44	38.00	10K Gold (safety catch) .....	3.00	Includes:			
Hat, Officer's, Serge .....	6½-8	4.00	Gold Filled (safety catch) .....	.75	1 pr. Morse Code Flags, Jointed			
Hat, Officer's, Felt with			New plain type .....	.15	6-ft. Staff			
insignia .....	6¾-8	3.00	Old style plain pin .....	.08	1 pr. Semaphore Flags, Heavy			
Hat, Girl Scout's .....	6½-8	1.60	Midget gold filled .....	.50	Web Carrying case			
Web Belt .....	28-38	.65	Worn by Officers or Girl		1 pr. of Semaphore Flags in-			
	40-46	.75	Scouts when not in uniform		cluding Sticks and Carrying			
Leather Belt for Officers ..	28-38	2.75	Senior Girl Scout Pin .....	.75	Case .....	.50		
	40-42	3.00	Songs					
Neckerchiefs, each .....		.45		Price				
Bandeaux (to match			America, the Beautiful .....	\$0.05	1 in. x 7 ft. Jointed with spiral			
neckerchiefs), each .....		.45	Are You There? .....	.10	G. S. Emblem .....	\$6.75		
Colors: green, purple, dark			Enrollment .....	.10	1 in. x 7 ft. Jointed with Eagle	5.00		
blue, light blue, brown, car-			Everybody Ought to Be a Scout	.15	1 in. x 7 ft. Jointed with Spear	3.50		
dinal, black, and yellow.			First National Training School	.25	G. S. Emblem—separate	3.70		
Black Silk .....		2.00	Girl Guide .....	.60	Eagle Emblem—separate	2.60		
Green Silk .....		2.00	Girl Scouts Are True .....	.15	Spear Emblem—separate	1.60		
Yellow Slickers .....	10	3.75	Girl Scout Song Book .....	.50	Flag Carrier .....	2.60		
	12	4.00	Girl Scout Songs		Literature			
	14-20	5.00	Vocal Booklet .....	.10				
Sweaters—Brown and			Piano Edition .....	.30	Brown Book for Brown Owls .....	\$0.50		
Green Heather			Girl Scout Song Sheet .....	.04	Brownie Handbook, English .....	.50		
Coat Model .....	32-40	8.00	Lots of 10 or more .....	.03	Brownie Games, English .....	.50		
Slipover Model .....	32-40	7.00	Goodnight .....	.15	Blue Book of Rules .....	.25		
Badges			Hiking On .....	.30	Camping Out (By L. H. Weir)	2.00		
		Price	Oh, Beautiful Country .....	.05	Campward Ho! .....	.75		
† Attendance Stars			On the Trail:		Camp and Field Notebook Cover	.50		
Gold .....		\$0.20	Piano Edition .....	.40	Ceremonies around the Girl			
Silver .....		.15	Midget Size .....	.05	Scout Year .....	.25		
† First Class Badge .....		.25	Lots of 10 or more .....	.02	Community Service Booklet—			
† Flower Crests .....		.15	Onward .....	.15	Each .....	.10		
† *Life Saving Crosses			To America .....	.25	Per dozen .....	1.00		
Silver .....		1.75	Flags					
Bronze .....		1.50		American Flags				
† Proficiency Badges .....		.15	Size	Material	Price			
† Second Class Badge .....		.15	2x3 ft.	Wool .....	\$2.80	First Aid Book—		
† *Thanks Badge			3x5 ft.	Wool .....	3.60	New Edition .....	.80	
Heavy gold plate with bar .....		3.00	4x6 ft.	Wool .....	4.60	Games and Recreational Methods		
10K Gold Pin .....		5.00	for Clubs, Camps and Scouts					
Gold Plate Pins .....		.75	(By Chas. F. Smith) .....					
Silver Plate .....		.75	Girls' Clubs (By Helen Ferris) .....					
Insignia			Girl Guide Book of Games .....					
		Price	† Troop Flags					
† Armband .....		\$0.15	Size	Material	Price	Girl Scout Game Book .....	.35	
† Corporal's Chevron .....		.10	2 x 3 ft.	Wool .....	\$2.60	Girl Scout Handyfacts .....	2.35	
† Ex-Patrol Leader's Chevron ..		.20	2½x4 ft.	Wool .....	4.20	Health Record Books, each .....	.10	
† Hat Insignia (for Captain's			3 x 5 ft.	Wool .....	5.75	Per dozen .....	1.00	
hat) .....		.50	4 x 6 ft.	Wool .....	8.50	Handbook, Cloth Board Cover ..	1.10	
			Flexible Cloth Cover .....					
			English Girl Guide .....					
			NOTE: Two weeks are required to letter					
			troop flags and pennants.					

When you buy Girl Scout Equipment, please remember that you are helping to finance the promotion of Girl Scouting throughout the country, and to maintain your National Organization

SPECIAL NOTE—These prices are subject to change without notice.  
\*Sold only on Approval of the Committee on Standards and Awards.

Above Prices Are Postage Paid

## Standard Price List Continued

Literature (Continued)		Price			Price
Home Service Booklet, each.....	\$0.10		Series of Law Cards		
Per dozen .....	1.00		Per hundred .....	\$4.50	
How to Start a Girl Scout Troop			"A Girl Scout is Cheerful"		
Pamphlet, each.....	.05		"A Girl Scout's Honor is to be Trusted"		
Per hundred .....	4.50		"A Girl Scout is Kind to Animals"		
Knots, Hitches and Splices.....	.55		"A Girl Scout is Thrifty"		
Life Saving Booklet.....	.15		Any of above, each.....	.03	
Nature Program—			Per hundred .....	2.50	
A Guide to Girl Scout Leaders in their Nature Work .....	.20		Posters—		
Girl Scout Nature Trail Guides			New Building Poster 9¼x11¼	.10	
Tenderfoot .....	.03		Per dozen .....	1.00	
First Class and Rambler.....	.05		Girl Scout Creed (By Henry Van Dyke) .....	.15	
Second Class and Observer.....	.10		Girl Scout's Promise, 11 x 16	.15	
Per set of 3.....	.15		Per hundred .....	10.00	
Nature Projects—			Girl Scout's Promise, 8 x 11	.10	
Set of three (Bird, Tree and Flower Finder) with notebook cover .....	1.50		Per hundred .....	8.00	
Projects, each .....	.40		Scout Laws		
Rock, Bird, Tree or Flower instruction sheet, each.....	.10		Size 14 x 19 .....	.30	
Star Project .....	.20		Size 9 x 11 .....	.10	
Ye Andrée Logge .....	.75		Producing Amateur Entertainments (By Helen Ferris) .....	2.00	
Pageant—			Scout Mastership .....	1.50	
Spirit of Girlhood (By Florence Howard), each .....	.50		Short Stories for Girl Scouts .....	2.00	
Patrol Register, each .....	.15		Tree Marker (not engraved).....	8.00	
Patrol System for Girl Guides .....	.25		Troop Management Course.....	.75	
Plays—			Troop Register (Field Notebook Size) .....	1.55	
Why They Gave a Show and How (By Mrs. B. O. Edey) Each .....	.15		Additional Sheets		
How St. John Came to Bencer's School			Cash Record		
A Pot of Red Geraniums			(15 sheets) .....	25c. package	
Why the Rubbish?			Per sheet (broken pkg.).....	3c. ea.	
Everybody's Affair			Treasurer's Monthly Record		
When the Four Winds Met (By Oleda Schrottky)			(30 sheets) .....	25c. package	
Magic Gold Pieces			Per sheet (broken pkg.).....	2c. ea.	
(By Margaret Mochrie)			Treasurer's or Scribe's Record		
Above six, each.....	.15		(15 sheets) .....	25c. package	
Lots of ten or more, each.....	.10		Per sheet (broken pkg.).....	3c. ea.	
Post Cards—			Individual Record		
Set of Six (Silhouette).....	.10		(30 sheets) .....	25c. package	
1 dozen sets .....	1.00		Per sheet (broken pkg.).....	2c. ea.	
Set of four (Colored) (Fall, Winter, Spring, Summer Sets cannot be broken).....	.15		Troop Advancement Record		
1 dozen sets .....	1.50		3c. a sheet		
Building .....	2 for .05		Troop Reports		
Washington Little House (Exterior) .....	.02		(30 sheets) .....	25c. package	
Washington Little House (Doorway) .....	.02		Per sheet (broken pkg.).....	2c. ea.	
Girl Scout Laws (By E. B. Price) .....	.05		Miscellaneous		
Per hundred .....	4.50		Axe, with Sheath .....	\$1.85	
Girl Scout's Promise.....	.05		Belt Hooks, extra .....	.05	
Per hundred .....	4.50		Blankets—¾-pound camel's hair	5.50	
			O.D.—¾-pound all wool, size		
			66 x 80 .....	4.75	
			Bugle .....	5.00	
			Braid—¼-inch wide yard.....	.10	
			Buttons—Per set .....	.25	
			10s—6 L to set—dozen sets.....	2.75	
			Camp Toilet Kit .....	2.35	
			Canteen, Aluminum .....	2.75	
			Compass, Plain .....	1.00	
			Radiolite Dial .....	1.50	
			Cuts		
			Running Girl .....	1.00	
			Trefoil .....	.75	
			First Aid Kit with Pouch.....	\$0.80	
			Iodine Antiseptic Pen, extra.....	.50	
			First Aid Kit, No. 1 .....	2.90	
			Flashlights, Small size.....	1.50	
			Large size .....	1.70	
			Handkerchiefs—Girl Scout emblem:		
			Linen .....	.35	
			Box of three .....	1.00	
			Cotton .....	.20	
			Box of six .....	1.00	
			Haversacks, No. 1.....	3.00	
			No. 2 .....	2.00	
			Shoulder Protection Straps, per pair .....	.25	
			I Khaki, Official Girl Scout, 36-in. wide .....	.40	
			Heavy for Officers, 28-in. wide	.60	
			Material for Brownie Uniform, 32-in. wide .....	.25	
			Knives, No. 1.....	1.60	
			No. 2 .....	1.05	
			Sheath Knife .....	1.60	
			Mess Kit, Aluminum, 6 pieces.....	3.00	
			Mirror—Unbreakable .....	.25	
			† Patterns—		
			Coat, Skirt or Bloomers, 10-42	.15	
			Norfolk Suit, 34-44.....	.25	
			Brownie, 8-12 .....	.30	
			Pocket Signal Charts, each .....	.15	
			In lots of ten or more, each.....	.10	
			Poncho (45x72) .....	3.50	
			Poncho (60x82) .....	4.75	
			Rings, Silver, 3 to 9.....	1.00	
			10K Gold, 3 to 9.....	3.00	
			Rope, 4 ft. by ¼ in.....	.15	
			Lots of 5 or more, each .....	.10	
			Guide, 15 ft., ring for belt.....	.50	
			Serge, O. D., 54-in. wide, per yard .....	4.75	
			Sewing Kit, Tin Case.....	.25	
			Aluminum Case .....	.50	
			Girl Scout Stationery.....	.55	
			Girl Scout Stickers—each.....	.01	
			Per dozen .....	.10	
			Stockings, Cotton, sizes 8-11.....	.55	
			Sun Watch .....	1.00	
			Trefoil Emblem Stickers (embossed in gold).....	.02	
			3 for .....	.05	
			12 for .....	.15	
			100 for .....	1.00	
			Thread, Khaki spool.....	.15	
			Per dozen spools.....	1.20	
			† Uniform Make-up Sets—		
			Long Coat Uniform.....	.70	
			1 Long Coat Pattern	} Give pattern size	
			1 Pair Lapels		
			1 Spool of Thread		
			1 Set of Buttons		
			Two-piece Uniform .....	.85	
			1 Short Coat Pattern	} Give pattern size	
			1 Skirt Pattern		
			1 Pair Lapels		
			1 Spool of Thread		
			1 Set of Buttons		
			No Make-up sets for middies and bloomers		
			Whistles .....	.20	
			Wrist Watch, Radiolite.....	4.00	

## Important Instructions for Ordering Equipment

1. Girl Scout equipment can be sold only upon written approval of registered captain.
2. Cash must accompany all orders. All checks, drafts, or money orders should be made payable to the order of Girl Scouts, Inc.
3. Girl Scout buttons, patterns and coat lapels are sold only when official khaki is purchased from National Headquarters.
4. Authorized department stores cannot sell any of the items marked with a †.
5. Hats are not returnable. See order blank for size.

When you buy Girl Scout Equipment, please remember that you are helping to finance the promotion of Girl Scouting throughout the country, and to maintain your National Organization

Mail all Orders to

**GIRL SCOUTS, Inc.**

670 Lexington Ave. New York City

Above Prices Are Postage Paid

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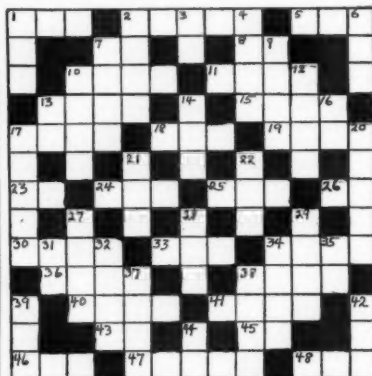
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## OUR PUZZLE PACK



### What Am I?

My name is spelled with three words. There are three letters in the first, six in the second and ten in the last. The first and last letters of each word are given and you are to scout around and supply the missing letters, then find me in the picture. I am a member of the bird family and scattered all over the United States in summer.



### A Cross Word Puzzle

#### HORIZONTAL

1. Moist
2. Inhabitant of an ancient city
5. Reclined
7. Toward
8. Article
10. A mineral used with food
11. Perpetually
13. A small sour fruit
15. A period of time
17. To harass by tricks or ridiculous demands
18. A drinking vessel
19. Dreadful
23. Abbreviation for a conveyance
24. A small rug
25. To soak up
26. 3, 1, 4, 1, 6
30. Reliable
33. A capsule of a plant
34. To run away
36. To push against
38. Husk
40. A small depression
41. A term used in golf
43. Abbreviation for a northwestern state
45. Pronoun
46. Negative
47. A crystalline compound
48. A part of the face

#### VERTICAL

1. Existed
2. A part taken by an actor
3. Pronoun
4. A fleet
6. A weight
7. Docile
9. Want
10. Comparative magnitude
12. Shower
13. A note of the scale
14. Floor covering
16. Same as 23, horizontal
17. Musical instrument
20. Choice
21. Distant
22. Speck
27. Walked
28. Domestic animal
29. That (Latin)
31. Aloft
32. Pieces out
34. Pelts
35. A train run on tracks above the ground
38. A measure of time
39. A human being
42. A small dog
44. For example

Sent by KATHERINE JENKINS,  
Troop 1, Sealiff, Long Island

### School Subjects

Reading up and down and across in each of these two forms will be found a different study in school.

- |        |                    |
|--------|--------------------|
| 1 **** | Mark left by wound |
| 2 **** | Center             |
| 3 **** | Extent of surface  |
| 4 **** | School study       |
| 5 **** | A thought          |
| 6 **** | Tidy               |
| 7 **** | Entrance           |

- |        |                    |
|--------|--------------------|
| 1 **** | A garden pest      |
| 2 **** | Narrow passage     |
| 3 **** | To                 |
| 4 **** | School subject     |
| 5 **** | Musical instrument |
| 6 **** | Aim                |
| 7 **** | A shout            |

### Curtailings

Curtail a letter from:

- A square of glass and leave a cooking utensil  
Center of plants and leave a very deep hole  
To level and leave a form or schedule

By NELL LOUNSBERRY

### An Enigma

My first is in jar but not in fat;  
My second is in bar but not in pat;  
My third is in man but not in sat;  
My whole is in something sweet and sticky.

Sent by B. W. HOYT,  
Beacon, New York

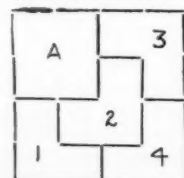
### Word Jumping

By changing one letter in the word at a time, transform heat into cold in six moves.  
Sent by LOU PITTS, Creedmoor, North Carolina.

## ANSWERS TO LAST MONTH'S PUZZLES

WHAT AM I?: Owl

BEHEADINGS: Mend, end. Mice, ice. Muse, use. Nape, ape. Neat, eat. None, one.



SUBTRACTIONS:  
Paint, pain, pan, an, a.  
Swing, wing, win, in, I.  
Manger, mange, mane, man, an, a.  
Plant, plan, pan, an, a.

HIDDEN TREASURE:  
1. Patrol. 2. Merit Badge. 3. Signal. 4. Captain. 5. Honor.

The same Midge in a new role. You'll love her as champion of the oppressed





*These are some girls of the Girl Scout camp of Kenosha, Wisconsin, who gave the American Girl Stunt and became an Honor Camp*



*Girls of Camp Watchung, the Montclair, New Jersey, camp say that campfire is a good time to give an American Girl Stunt*



*They are real campers at Tall Trees, the Philadelphia Girl Scout Camp and they are all readers of the American Girl, too*

## Look Them Over!

## Every One an Honor Camp

### These are all Honor Camps —Is Your Camp Here?

Camp Watchung of Montclair, New Jersey

Camp Tall Trees of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Camp Castle Rock of Butte, Montana

Camp Calemaco of Manhattan

Camp Quidnunc of Queens County, New York

Camp Green Eyrie of Worcester, Massachusetts

Camp Archbald of Scranton, Pennsylvania

Camp Tee-Tonk-Ah of Jackson, Michigan

Camp Pinar of Salt Lake City, Utah

Camp Sandoneida of Canton, Ohio

Camp Goldenrod of Detroit, Michigan

Camp Chanote of Akron, Ohio

The Girl Scout Camp of Kenosha, Wisconsin



*Perhaps the girls of Camp Tee-Tonk-Ah of Jackson, Michigan, follow our outdoor cooking pages—they are on the Honor Roll*



*It's hands up for the Honor Roll and The American Girl at Camp Castle Rock, the Girl Scout Camp of Butte, Montana*

**WOULDN'T** you like to have your Camp on the American Girl Honor Roll, with girls in every state reading about it? This is how you may qualify.

First: Give an American Girl stunt at campfire. This stunt may be the one which was published in the American Girl for June, copies of which will be sent to you upon request. Or it may be an original American Girl stunt which you yourselves write.

Second: Send in 50 cent subscriptions for the American Girl. And do your best to become a 100% Subscribing Camp. We do

not mention any certain number of subscriptions which should come in before a Camp may be on the Honor Roll, because of course there are more girls in some camps than in others. And sometimes there are more girls already subscribing in some camps than in others. We take all these things into account.

It's not at all difficult—just have an American Girl Committee (your Patrol Leaders will be a good one). Have them get up the stunt for campfire or any other appropriate time. Close the stunt with a description of our 50c offer and pass around cards for the girls to sign who wish to take advantage of it.

**If you aren't an Honor Camp—be one  
Give an American Girl Stunt and send in all your 50c  
summer subscriptions**



*Smartness and  
shoe comfort* **now—**

## Graceful carriage in young womanhood

**B**IRDLIKE poise, graceful carriage! Great artists, famous *couturieres* say that these are as essential to womanly beauty as perfect features, lovely skin.

Specialists point out that grace and supple carriage in womanhood depend to a very large extent upon the shoes worn in the grade and high school age.

That is why many physicians recommend that girls and young women wear Keds for tennis and golf and basketball or just everyday wear.

For Keds give feet and legs a chance to develop and induce the erect, supple posture so essential to beauty of figure.

And Keds are smart. In brown

and white, high or low, Keds come in many models that are ideal for wear with pretty summer dresses or for every kind of sport.

### *6 Women Tennis Champions wear Keds*

During 1926, Keds were the choice of more champion athletes, of more school teams than any other shoe.

Gripping ground or floor sure-footedly, lending speed and graceful lithe-ness, Keds help to athletic success, give perfect foot comfort while allowing feet to develop as nature intended.

Insist on Keds. They come in over 30 different styles, priced from \$1.25 to \$4.50. Keds are made only by the

**United States Rubber Company**

*They are not* **Keds**  
*unless the name Keds*  
*is on the shoe . .*



**THE "DIANA"**  
*Trim and attractive for  
sports and general wear*

